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Literature

"Jude the Obscure"

By Thomas Hardy. Harper & Bros.

THIS STORY, under the title of "Hearts Insurgent," ran as a serial in *Harper's Magazine* during the past year, and has excited some comment because of its change of names, and also of certain modifications made in the narrative as it went on. It is now possible to judge of it as a finished work by an author who has won his claim to serious and respectful consideration. It is an especially good specimen of a class of literature which has of late years come as a disturbing element into English fiction. Mr. Hardy says in his preface that his is "a novel addressed by a man to men and women of full age, which attempts to deal unaffectedly with the fret and fever, derision and disaster, that may press in the wake of the strongest passion known to humanity." Such a statement implies that men and women not of full age who may read his pages do so at their own risk and peril; but the question immediately suggests itself, How are the immature intelligences to which harm may be done to be guarded against possible contamination? In the present state of English and American society, young girls are allowed to read any of the higher class of magazines, and, in most households, any novel which may come in their way. The consequent "tyranny of the young person" over current literature has had many drawbacks, but it is becoming a pressing necessity that something shall be done for her protection under the reaction, as it is, after all, infinitely better that men and women should be bored by insipidity than that boys and girls should be corrupted by a premature knowledge of the most difficult problems of good and evil that can affect grown people.

It is one of the anomalies of our American civilization that many a mother who has been absolutely devoted to her children while they were scarcely more than young animals, will allow them to grow apart from her with the growth of their intelligence, so that, when they are eighteen or nineteen, and most in need of guidance and restraint, they have their own mental tastes and independent development, and often have for her a feeling which is at bottom, in so far as anything intellectual is concerned, a form of affectionate contempt. English-speaking people are accustomed to condemn the French system of education, which has many and serious disadvantages; but the fact remains that a French mother is in nine cases out of ten more careful of the moral purity of her daughter than her English or American sister. This is, indeed, often carried to ridiculous extremes, but it is a fault in the right direction. An American girl usually goes to sleep over the very mild form of romance allowed to a French maiden; but, if our young people are to be turned loose into some fields of existing English literature, the morals of society will in time tend to revert to those of Sparta. As in our day the pillory is found to be an effectual form of advertisement, it is not necessary to mention by name any author or book beyond the one now under notice.

Jude Fawley, the character for whom this book is finally named, is a peasant lad who makes an unfortunate early marriage with a young woman who soon leaves him, and, by the way, there is scarcely anything in the pages of Zola coarser and more realistic than the account of their first meeting. Not long afterwards Jude comes across Sue Bridehead, a young cousin of his, with whom he falls deeply in love. She is of the type now becoming familiar in fiction—although it is to be hoped that she is still rare in flesh and blood,—the girl who fumbles and fingers the veils which

hang before the great mysteries of love and life. As Jude confesses to her at last that he is married and does not see his way to living with her in platonic communion, she marries an elderly school-master, but after a while her physical aversion to the latter becomes insuperable, and she begs him to allow her to leave him and cast in her lot with Jude. They reason about it for some time, her husband taking counsel with a colleague, the end of this amazing episode being that he puts her into the omnibus which is to take her to her lover. In time he obtains a divorce, and Jude obtains one from his wife, but even after the birth of two children Sue cannot bear to degrade their love by any marriage ceremony. After the tragic death of her little ones, she insists on returning to and remarrying her long-suffering husband, and also on Jude's doing the same by his wife, now the widow of another man. Jude dies miserably of consumption, and Sue is left a voluntary victim of her own cold-blooded wrong-headedness.

This is the bald outline of a story to which Mr. Hardy has brought his experience and skill as a novelist, and apparently his sympathy as a man. But it is difficult to see what end it is meant to serve. There are, no doubt, plenty of morbid and hysterical people in the world, and it is perhaps well when they are brought together, instead of having, as too often happens, sane partners, but they belong to pathology, and not to general fiction. As there are museums in hospitals interesting to specialists, but into which laymen, and especially laywomen, do not usually go, it may be necessary to have these romances dealing with mental disease and degeneracy; but we must protest, in the name of healthy modesty, against their being presented to us as normal types, or forced upon the notice of honestly ignorant youth. There is an undercurrent of morbid animality running through the book, which is sickening to an ordinarily decent mind, and if these men and women and their companions in kindred fiction are to be taken as true to modern life, we may as well accept a cage full of monkeys as a microcosm of humanity.

"Architecture for General Readers"

A Short Treatise on the Principles and Motives of Architectural Design. With an Historical sketch. By H. Heathcote Stratham. Charles Scribner's Sons.

FOLLOWING THE PUBLICATION of "The Cathedrals of England and Wales," which was reviewed in these pages some time ago, we have here a book written entirely by the editor of the *London Builder*, who was also the author of a goodly portion of the former work. This second book is the opposite of the first in point of size and method, being a small handbook dealing with the simpler problems of architecture, accompanied by a short historical sketch. The work is admirably planned to meet the requirements of its professed purpose: it presents the subject in a straightforward and lucid manner along lines hitherto untravelling by the general public. Instead of beginning with history, and making the study of architecture a simple recounting of successive styles and a chronology of buildings, Mr. Stratham starts out with a discussion of theoretical ideas which apply to all styles. He shows his readers that architecture, unlike the imitative arts of sculpture and painting, has a philosophy of its own, is based upon rational principles, and capable of logical treatment. The introductory chapter treats of general topics—architectural expression, the function of the column, philosophy of plan, etc. It contains an excellent exposition of the methods of architectural illustrations and of the meaning and use of working drawings. It is really of great value, for one of the chief hindrances to the profitable

study of architecture is the inability of the average person to think in three dimensions, or to understand the simplest of architectural drawings. This constitutes, too, one of the greatest difficulties in teaching or lecturing upon architecture.

In the following chapter architecture is divided into two great general styles, as trabeated or arcuated, according to the method employed in the construction of the roof. As a general principle it may be stated that all architecture, excepting only monumental, has the common purpose of protecting something, by means of wall or roof, or both. In the habitations of man the roof is of necessity the most important factor. It must be constructed in one of two ways—either by horizontal beams resting upon two points of support, or by an arched form consisting of several pieces of material held in place by their mutual compression. From these two systems of covering a void, have sprung the widely differing styles typified in the Greek classic and in Gothic architecture, each highly developed in its own sphere, yet each maintaining its own constructive method as a fundamental principle. Another important consideration in all architectural compositions, but one hitherto studied only by the profession, has received clear and careful treatment from Mr. Stratham—*vis.*, the subject of mouldings. This chapter has been made most interesting, and is fully and admirably illustrated. It is followed by a minute discussion of architectural ornament, its various kinds and its relation to composition and to the nature of the surface upon which it is executed. Occasion is found to correct many common misconceptions regarding the use of ornament, and to show that architectural expression may be complete without it. One must make particular note of the very clever and interesting discussion of architecture in relation to cities and landscape. This portion of the work should be carefully read and digested by Mr. Stratham's American readers, for with us this view of architecture seems to have been wholly lost sight of.

The historical sketch is necessarily much abridged, but it would be hard to find another sketch of equal length with so much information. The development of the various styles is depicted with great clearness, and in a manner which must impress itself upon the reader. Naturally, much more space is given to some styles than to others, and in this way a few periods are almost crowded out. But it is surprising to see how rapidly one is introduced to a style, made familiar with it, and passed on to another without an abrupt break. A better handbook for the broader consideration of architecture by the general public could not be found; while for students beginning professional study, the work is full of useful information and valuable commonsense instruction.

"Constantinople"

By Edwin A. Grosvenor. With an Introduction by Gen. Lew Wallace, and 250 Illustrations. Roberts Bros.

IT WILL BE a sorry day for the lover of the picturesque when Greek or Russian obtains possession of Constantinople, driving out the dear, old, murderous, dirty, lazy and tyrannical Turk. Tourist and resident unite in praise of its present beauty, its ruins, bazaars, beggars, mosques, minarets and dead dogs. It is the meeting-place of West and East and South—of all the rascality of three continents. It is also the meeting-place of ancient and modern history, and at the present moment seems to be the appointed birthplace of another great revolution. A book dealing with Constantinople both descriptively and historically has long been a desideratum. We have had, indeed, brilliant descriptions in plenty. Gautier has given us a magical series of pen-pictures; De Amicis another, different and scarcely inferior; the romantic and adventurous Gérard de Nerval perhaps the best of all, in his "Nuits de Ramazan." But these have left the greater part of the vast city untouched, giving us but a

glimpse here and there of women picnicking among the graves, of a storyteller and his audience, a performance of Karogueux. A description at once full, accurate and readable were hard to find, and one that would satisfy our thirst for knowledge as to the past, impossible until now. But the publication of Prof. Grosvenor's two large and abundantly illustrated volumes makes it at last possible to gain a united and comprehensive idea of the capital of the Turk.

The author begins with an account of the importance of the city's position, a summary of its most recent census and a description of the seven hills enclosed in the irregular triangle of Stamboul. The ground having been thus made known to us, the three epochs of the history of the city—the Greek colony, the capital of the Byzantine Empire and the city of the Turk—are rapidly reviewed; and then we are taken on an out-of-town excursion among the pretty villages, full of historical associations, along the Golden Horn, to the enchanted well of Eyoub, the Sweet Waters of Europe, the dismal Jewish burying-ground of Soudloundji, and to see the whirling dervishes at their gyrations. Next a voyage up the Bosphorus takes us to the European palace of Dolma Baghtcheh, on the water's edge, the marble Yildiz Kiosk, the tomb of Barbarossa, the luxurious palace of Tcherigan, and puts Prof. Grosvenor in mind of Jason, St. Andrew and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Having coasted both shores of the Bosphorus, we are next treated to an archaeological tour in ancient Constantinople along the subterranean course of the Lycus, through the city of Constantine, region by region, the round of the baths, the forums, the thirty-seven palaces, the Golden Hall of Justin II., with its golden tree and silver doors, the brazen roof of Zeno, the Eagle Palace, the Lion's Mouth, and the last residence of the Emperors, the fortress-like Blochernai. The churches, more than ten times as numerous as the palaces, are glanced at, and the great surviving example, Sancta Sophia, is the subject of a long and learned chapter. The three surviving monuments of the Hippodrome, the obelisk, the bronze serpent-pillar from Delphi and the column of Constantine VIII. remind the author of the many vanished glories of the place—the horses now of St. Mark's, the Giant Maiden, the Brazen Ass, the Enraged Elephant and the Poisoned Bull. We have pictures of the still existing aqueduct of Valens, the huge cisterns of the Thousand and One Columns and the Basilike, the remains of the great hollow column of Arcadius, now an outhouse of a Turkish bakery, and the more fortunate "burnt" column of Constantine the Great, still standing, thanks to the iron hoops which hold the shattered porphyry together.

A large part of the second volume is devoted to the ancient churches, now converted into mosques, and there are many pictures of ancient sarcophagi, tomb reliefs, mosaics and other remains, together with the Persian tiles, pierced marble lattices and hanging lamps of the Moslem. The purely Turkish mosques and turbehs receive almost as much consideration, and there are chapters on the walls, the Seraglio, the Museum of the Janissaries and the Baths, Khans and Bazaars. If such a thing were possible, it might be said that Prof. Grosvenor's huge work had exhausted the subject. But the City on the Golden Horn is like the sea; and what is drawn from it to-day returns to it to-morrow. Future writers will doubtless find that our author has added to, rather than subtracted from, the material available for them.

The illustrations, all half-tone engravings from photographs, are to be numbered by the hundred, and show us every phase of outdoor and indoor life, even the ladies of the Sultan's harem having apparently fallen victims to the author's kodak. Many of them are of considerable interest artistically or historically. After studying the work faithfully for a year or so—it will take all that time,—the fireside voyager should know his Constantinople thoroughly. But if he wishes to acquire some idea of the city on the Golden

Horn at less expense of time, he may content himself with looking over the pictures and reading Gen. Wallace's introduction.

"Reconstruction during the Civil War"

In the United States of America. By E. G. Scott. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

PROBABLY FOR the first time in American political literature has it been possible to write a history of the period of Reconstruction. From one point of view, this time of trouble and muddle seems almost as difficult to treat with unity and impartiality as the middle ages of Europe. Mr. Scott's purpose has been to furnish, not so much a history of parties and factions and their quarrels and scandals, as a history of the ideas that, lying at the basis of the Republic, must necessarily condition its future development, especially at a point and in a direction probably never dreamed of by the makers of the Constitution of 1787. In brief, the work shows the great change of opinion and sentiment which the people of the United States were then undergoing—a change which at length found expression in three amendments of the Constitution. The book is in our opinion by far the ablest yet written on the subject of Reconstruction, or, we are almost tempted to believe, likely to be written during this century. It is well written, and reveals on every page the author's thorough knowledge, local and social, as well as political and statistical, of the various parts of this country, especially those within the domain of the old thirteen States. The first half of the volume consists of a masterly and philosophical survey of the forces in the old world which ripened into the marvellous fruit of the Constitution and the new Republic, of the birth and childhood of the nation before it stepped into manhood in 1861.

Mr. Scott clearly outlines long processes and great results. He shows plainly how, even before 1787, there were in this country two distinct lives struggling for mastery. The South was feudal, its society was based on land, and the units were lords of plantations, the poor whites being driven to the woods and the mountains. In the North, society was social, democratic, inventive, honoring labor, ever opposing the idea of Northern progress to that of Southern conservatism. The Constitution terminated the Revolution and handed down its gains. In the apportionment of taxation and representation, a compromise was made between the North and the South. A guarantee, as Mr. Scott again and again emphasises and iterates, of a republican form of government was provided for each new state on its accession to the Union. His account of the formation of parties is a masterly contribution to history. The colonial epoch was a brooding epoch. No general parties existed during that period, these being generated during the Revolutionary days. They rose into strength and came forth like athletes eager for the fray, when Hamilton and Jefferson, who incarnated and foreshadowed the future history of American parties, appeared in the cabinet of Washington. In the third part of the book, we read the story of the development of the question of coercion or non-coercion, of the development of principles, of congressional action towards the South, and of the plans for reconstruction, with a summary of the debates and of the various reconstructions of the states. Practically the book is an only partially concealed indictment of the Republican party, for its violation of the Constitution. Apparently it is Mr. Scott's purpose to show that "we [who inserted the three new amendments in the Constitution] have wandered from the faith of our fathers." Nevertheless, he refrains from telling us plainly what the full text of his judgment is.

Of the historical value of this work, and of its excellent literary quality, there can be no doubt. The author's definition of "The Union" (page 82) is a gem of lexicography; and the pen-picture of Thaddeus Stevens, who "ignored the Constitution," is as clear-cut as a cameo.

"A Monk of Fife"

By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co.

WHEN MR. LANG once wrote an essay on Théophile Gautier, a reviewer, whose range was not of the widest, took him to task for spending so much time on "those mediæval Frenchmen." In this book he gives evidence that the time actually spent in their company has not been wasted. We have here a picture, rich in detail, of the days of the Maid of Orleans; and it is abundantly clear that the picture is drawn by one who knows the period, not only in its dry, prosaic sequence of battles and marches, but in the spirit and the speech of the time. He has beyond question followed the authentic records of the time closely in such points as they afforded, and has added to this valuable quality another in the beauty and tenderness of his own imagination. We are well content to follow the old monk, as, in the peaceful retreat of his declining years, he fights his battles o'er again, and lingers lovingly (yet with the proper touch of penitence for youthful follies) over his memories of "the clean great time of goodly fight." Two bright lights guide him through his period of warfare—one, the constant nearness of the Maid, of whom he speaks throughout in terms which would satisfy the Promoter of her canonization at Rome; the other, the passionate and yet reverent devotion to his own lady, whose service draws him into closer relations with La Pucelle. Mr. Lang has made out of this part of the book a love-story hardly less graceful and delicate than that of Aucassin and Nicolette; yet he gives us a contrast to the two sweet girl-faces, strongly enough drawn, in the repulsive features of Brother Thomas, the false friar whose enmity more than once goes near to making an end of the hero altogether. While we are speaking of portraits, it is hardly out of place to mention the little "jackanapes," who has almost a human personality, and attaches us to him as well by his own winning ways as by the important part which he plays in the forwarding of Norman Leslie's fortunes.

Mr. Lang is so well aware of the importance of the right use of words, whether one's own or borrowed, that he will bear with us if we take him up on one point over which he seems to nod. His ecclesiastical Latin, put into the mouth of an aged monk, is not, we fear, above reproach. We are free to suppose that, if the proof-reader had been abroad, such forms as "fremierunt" and "Barabbasist" (a most startling accusative singular of "Barabbas") would have been rectified; but in his texts from Job (p. 279) and Jeremiah (p. 250) he substitutes a version of his own for the Vulgate, which he is presumably quoting. Moreover, it is unlikely in the extreme that the response to the salutation "Pax vobiscum" should be made in the form "Et cum anima tua," however grammatically correct, rather than in the familiar phrase recited daily a score of times by every cleric, "Et cum spiritu tuo." Having offered these reflections on a minor point, let us say once more that the book will be well worth reading as pure romance, by turns idyllic and epic, and that it has as well a distinct value from its careful presentation of a period so confusing to the novice in history, when hosts of Scotsmen fought under a French banner against the English whom they hated so heartily, and when the France of to-day was still far from its welding by great kings into one great nation.

"The Front Yard"

And Other Italian Stories. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. Harper & Bros.

IT IS A noble legacy that Miss Woolson has left us in these six stories drawn from her heart. They are the product of her life in Italy, but are, nevertheless, more American than many a tale whose scene of action is upon our own soil. In making her home in a strange country, Miss Woolson did not expatriate herself; on the contrary, this alienation seems to have given her a clearer appreciation of the American character, a warmer liking for its nobility, a greater toler-

ance for its defects. She has an affection even for those idiosyncracies of ours that are sometimes most trying; and there is a kind of loving touch in her treatment of them. It is evident, too, that her studies of Italian life are drawn from the inside, sympathetically; and the contrast between the Americans she introduces, and their environment, brings into striking prominence their peculiarities of character. The story which gives its title to the book presents a pathetic picture of a New England spinster, who receives her first lesson in love from a young Italian peasant. She marries him, and his year of life is heaven to her always, although he had told her nothing of the large family she would have to work for. When he dies she gladly takes up the burden of his eight children for his sake, and the story of her patient endurance of their selfish exactions is told with artistic reserve and fine appreciation. The contrast is most effective—this rigid, industrious, self-sacrificing, high-minded Yankee, who had no ear for music and never saw the beautiful landscape that lay at her feet, against the languorous background of Italians, shiftless, exacting, irresponsible, but carolling by the hour to the accompaniment of a mandolin. Prudence has a pathetic ambition to tear down the pig-sty that stands before her house, and construct a real New England front-yard, with a straight walk to the swinging gate, and roses and currants and stiff beds of flowers. But her savings for this purpose are always rendered useless by her generous yielding to the demands of the Italian family.

The story is a brilliant piece of genre-painting, executed by an artist who understood her subject to the heart. A strange combination of humor and pathos, it contains much the finest work in the volume; it is the one story that shows originality of invention without the least straining after effect, the only one in which the method is entirely adequate to the idea. The others are all clever, no doubt, but they are more melodramatic, less simple and convincing. The tragedy of "Neptune's Shore" does not touch one deeply, and the development of character in "The Street of the Hyacinth" is not easily accepted as inevitable. The best piece of work, besides the first story, is "In Venice," in which the study of character is admirably subtle. Nothing in the book, however, is uninteresting, and to those of us who admired Miss Woolson's earlier short stories more than her long novels, and who mourned her untimely death, this volume will be especially welcome.

"An Imaginative Man"

By Robert S. Hichens. D. Appleton & Co.

MR. HICHENS will achieve few friends with this book, and those chiefly of the cult that can disregard the story in admiration of the manner of telling it. To say sooth, he has produced the most morbid novel of our day, surpassing by his very power the ill effect of the chorus of prurient ladies who have made English fiction so notorious during the past literary Olympiad. The "Imaginative Man" is a creature of impressions and unwholesome dreams, who despises all women because they cannot maintain about themselves the mystery he adores. His mad folly reduces him to the absurd; he marries a woman because of her inscrutable eyes, and, discovering, during the honeymoon, that she is but human, proceeds to go mad of love for no less an enchantress than the great Sphinx of Egypt. To read this plot, thus coldly related, must make it seem sheer wanton inanity—but we are compelled to admit Mr. Hichens's power of holding the reader, even during his hero's most Bedlam rhapsodies.

Out of the current of the protagonist's emotions we are brought into contact with only a consumptive youth, who desires to taste sin before he dies—and who in Cairo finds strange and very satisfactory opportunities, supported always by the complacent knowledge that his mother would have him enjoy whatsoever he may desire. Harp as he will upon the virtue of this woman in sympathizing with and condoning deadly sin through impelling love of her child, Mr.

Hichens achieves for her only the hearty disgust of his readers. In a word, there is no edification of mind, no elevation of spirit, to be had in a single page of the book. But after all is said, we can only recur to the exciting power of the author's style. His pictures of Egypt have all the glamor of reality and rise in competition with the Arabian Nights' tales in the truest sense of romantic description, rendering his book too powerful and too valuable to be disregarded. Nevertheless, it is a story to remain a splendid monument of unwholesome fancy, a thesaurus of morbid suggestion, which exalts mere vulgar suicide into an intellectual resource of the weary-minded, and degrades the humanity of virtue to mere animal instinct. As there are sweet and lovely views of life to be had for the same money at the book-stalls, we would reserve "An Imaginative Man" for his own kind—the reader who can "crush a violin in his arms as one might crush a woman, driven by an overmastering desire to tear forth the mysterious voice that breathes out all the essence of all the divinest joys and sorrows of the wayward world."

"Reminiscences of Richard Cobden"

Compiled by Mrs. Salis Schwabe. Imported by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE PAPERS contained in this volume were originally published in French, and are now, after an interval of several years, reissued in English. Many of them are speeches delivered by Cobden on various occasions at home and abroad; some are letters by Cobden and others, on various questions of public importance; while others still are letters of friendship and familiar intercourse. The intimacy between the Cobden and the Schwabe families makes the letters that passed between them valuable as illustrating certain sides of Cobden's character, and the same may be said of the letters from Bunsen and others of Cobden's friends that appear in this collection. The most touching of all are those bearing on the death of Cobden's young son, whose loss was keenly felt by his father and mother. The speeches in the book relate almost entirely to those public causes in which their author was so deeply interested—free trade, non-intervention in foreign affairs, public education and international peace; and they show clearly the character of the man, with all its earnestness and all its narrowness. For narrow Cobden was, and the fullest recognition of his services to the cause of commercial freedom should not blind us to that fact. He was the incarnation of the spirit of commercialism. Lord Farrer, in his introduction to the present volume, tries indeed to rebut the charge, so often brought against the free-trade champion, that he was too exclusively devoted to material interests, but with very poor success.

Some of the speeches in this collection show their author's interest in the education of the masses, while others manifest his desire for universal peace; yet he seems to have valued both peace and education mainly for their commercial effects; and he nowhere shows that ever-present interest in the spiritual goods of life, which appears so plainly in the writings of men like Mill and Arnold, and in the life and writings of men like Gladstone and Balfour. We acknowledge as fully as anyone the good that Cobden did; but when he is held up, as he often is, as a model man, we must for the reasons here given express our dissent. Another thought that occurs to us as we turn these pages is that of the change that has taken place, since Cobden's time, in the status of those causes which he had so much at heart. Public education has advanced immensely, and provision for it is now everywhere recognized as one of the highest duties of the state. Free-trade principles prevail among economists and thinkers almost everywhere; but in practical politics the free-trade cause has rather retrograded. As for non-intervention in foreign affairs, that is now scouted among Cobden's own countrymen, and finds no favor anywhere else. On some other matters, too, such as the extension of the suffrage, "Chartism," socialism and industrial coöperation,

opinion and events have moved so rapidly that Cobden's standpoint, even when right, has been long since left behind. This volume of reminiscences, therefore, has none but an historical and biographical interest, in which respect it deserves an honorable place among the records of Cobden's life and time.

Tourgueneff's Novels

1. *Fathers and Children*. 2. *A Sportsman's Sketches*. 2 vols. By Ivan Turgenev. Translated by Constance Garnett. Macmillan & Co.

IN A LETTER to the Russian students at Heidelberg, apropos of "Fathers and Children" (1), Tourgueneff wrote:—"I dreamed of a sombre, savage and great figure, only half emerged from barbarism, strong, *méchant* and honest, and nevertheless doomed to perish because it is always in advance of the future."

In these few words he exactly reproduces the photograph of Bazarov, his favorite character, the central figure and hero of the romance—a romance which vividly depicted in all his early nakedness, his aboriginal ferocity, the Nihilist of the sixties. The serfs had just been emancipated and the tumultuous souls of millions, held in captivity for ages, had suddenly been liberated from prison, from immemorial chains, with the usual result of such wholesale, tragically generous emancipation. An uneasy spirit brooded over Russia, that vast Male-bolge of seething discontents and unsatisfied longings, when almost instantaneously the vortex exhaled a sinister apparition that, enveloping itself in malign hues and malignant fascinations, rose upon the storm and took the shape of a spirit, alas, only too familiar to us now—the spirit of Nihilism. Tourgueneff, ever a quick and gifted observer, was wonderfully quick to see this new phantom of unrest as it corporealized itself and sat incubus-like upon the soul of Slav-land.

It was a miserable child, born of Russian oppression and German pseudo-science. "Bazarov" is its name in this book, a man who symbolizes the sceptical knowledge of that day, and the type of revolutionist that stalks about like a pestilence in the noonday of every European capital in our time. Bazarov appears to be a destructionist pure and simple, who seems to loathe everything in and for itself—art, the family, social institutions, political establishments; a soured pessimist resembling Miss Frances Power Cobbe's description of George Borrow as she knew him personally. About Bazarov, who was one of those strange "children" born to commonplace "fathers" that cannot understand them, Tourgueneff gathers a group of men and women representing culture, rank, beauty, society, against whom Bazarov, as an untamed child of nature, plays off in all his barbarous rudeness, insolence and presumption. The book evoked alternate roars of applause and of disapproval when it first came out, and was regarded by the radicals as a slander on Young Russia. It is a beautiful piece of art in a painfully disagreeable field—the pain of Laocoön wrought out with cruellest knowledge of anatomy.

In "A Sportsman's Sketches" (2), Tourgueneff has gathered many admirable little genre studies of the lives of peasants, hunters and country gentlemen, of district doctors and rural agents, of provincial Russian society and rustic neighborhoods where Old Russia is still a-bloom in all its luxuriance. The ready hand, the dextrous pencil, the keen eye that seems endowed with a double iris, the fertile intelligence clothing what it sees with prompt and memorable colors; all reveal themselves in these clever studies, as a bit of Venice looms on a small sheet of water-colored paper, or as a cunning little interior is arranged by an artistic Mexican in the concave of a walnut shell. Each little sketch is full of hue and animation, of life and idiom, so to speak, for each is unmistakably Russian, and each is full of poetry and grace. They are the charming artistic *débris* and *bric-à-brac* that litter a giant's workshop. All are excellently translated by Constance Garnett.

"Kitwyk Stories"

By Anna Eichberg King. Illus. by George Wharton Edwards and Albert E. Sterner. The Century Co.

THE PUBLISHERS of this "round dozen" of stories lay particular stress upon its "local color," and upon the author's thorough familiarity with "all phases of life in this quaint little kingdom" of Holland. "The life that she depicts," they further announce, "is that of the well-ordered households of the burgo-master, the dominie and the comfortable burgher." They have bound the volume in a cover of white and blue, imitating old Delft tiles, thus appealing through the prospective reader's eye to his memory of all he has ever read or heard about Holland, and thereby creating in advance in his mind the local color the book is supposed to contain. These stories all deal with life in Holland a hundred years ago, and we must confess that we have failed to find in them any local color of the time whatever, except in a general way, such as can be supplied by almost any one—a "trekschuit" and a wind-mill and a canal, a "stoof" and a Gouda pipe, etc. There is some clever landscape work in "A Tragedy of Kitwyk," but for the rest the local color is of the most traditional kind.

The author seems to have had unbounded faith in Washington Irving, the Dutchmen of her stories being mostly "fat Mynheers"—the well-known humorously obese Dutchmen, with pipes and endless things to eat and drink, so well known in fiction and comic illustrations, but hardly true to life. To be sure, several of these stories are humorous, and in a humorous story belongs a humorous character; but it would have been better not to claim for them the quality of local color. Miss King conjures up a picture of Boetian simplicity, in which social lines were only dimly established; whereas the truth is that the Dutch republic of two centuries, and even of one century ago, was intensely aristocratic, and that the Dutch merchant of those days was in his own eyes a *grand seigneur* indeed. Of minor inaccuracies there is a goodly number. The custom of using family names as "given" or baptismal names has never prevailed in Holland: Bentinck De Kock is inconceivable from a Dutch point of view. The custom of marrying by proxy, practised in Holland to this day, is somewhat different from what the author conceives it to be: the man in India does not request a friend to find a bride for him, marry her for him and send her out to him. He usually falls in love with the girl in the ordinary way, and becomes engaged to her before going out to India, the marriage by proxy being merely the logical culmination of an engagement between people thousands of miles apart. Such a marriage, by the way, is known as a "marriage with the glove," the groom sending one of his gloves to be worn by his representative during the ceremony. The exchange of rings takes place with gloved hands.

The stories are amusing; and "A Tragedy of Kitwyk" is very strong. But the volume is not a repository of Dutch local color.

Spenser's "Epithalamium" Illustrated

Epithalamium by Edmund Spenser. With Certain Imaginative Drawings by George Wharton Edwards. Dodd, Mead & Co.

MR. EDWARDS, who, like Mr. Edwin A. Abbey and others of our illustrators, has made a special study of the opportunities for pictorial illustration offered by the Elizabethan poets, shows the results of these studies in the drawings that decorate this very pretty edition of Spenser's

"Song, made in lieu of many ornaments."

The artist seems to have been led to the study of Renaissance book-illustration by way of Japanese wood-engraving, but this gives but a slight added quaintness to what belongs, we may say, of right to his subject. As the poet's imagery was drawn from classic sources, and largely through French and Italian, Mr. Edwards is justified in picturing him writing among pomegranates at the foot of a dial carved with the classic acanthus. And as so much freedom was in a manner imposed on him, it would have been useless to put any restraint on his invention. Accordingly the "Nymphs of Mulla" bathe among Persian irises, and wear jewelled zones of Mr. Edwards's own designing; the Graces attire the bride in the costume of the eighteenth century, and the minstrels with their "merry musick" are truly "high fantastical."

But it were easy to trace much of the artist's work to the woodcuts in the romance of Polyphile, the Ovid of Bernard Solomon, the book of emblems of Alciat—to convict him, that is, of drawing his inspiration from the right sources. And he has frequently produced very pretty and original compositions, with, as we have

hinted, a touch of the Japanese in them. Each page of text is framed in a flowery border, and confronted by a full-page design that seems to call for the colorist to illuminate it with brilliant tints. The cover is of vellum stamped in gold, and the paper is Japanese. Of this edition only 450 copies have been printed, at the De Vinne Press.

"Turning on the Light"

By ex-Postmaster-General Horatio King. J. B. Lippincott Co.

WE MUST FRANKLY confess that Mr. King's book suggests the putting in order of its author's literary household, rather than a revelation of unknown facts or a notable contribution to history. We are, however, very far, indeed, from saying that it is not of high value. Mr. King was a personal friend of President Buchanan, and was also personally acquainted with many of the men who inaugurated the Secession movement, and its opponents. When the material of his book is examined, one cannot help seeing that much of its matter consists of after-thoughts, and of speeches and writings delivered and printed long after the events described. The larger part of the text is made up of the recital of well-known incidents told from the author's point of view. He has striven to give a dispassionate survey of President Buchanan's administration during the few months from the end of 1860 until the time when this last president of the slaveholding republic retired to Wheatland. That there still persists a powerful prejudice against Mr. Buchanan, there can be no doubt whatever, and much of this prejudice is as unreasonable as it is deeply seated. Mr. King, by recounting the facts and throwing more light on the events of 1860-63, does much to soften and allay this prejudice. We quite agree with him that it borders on absurdity to expect that the President of the United States of 1857-61 should have been able to grasp the whole situation, change his lifelong convictions, inaugurate the complete coercion of the Southern Confederacy, and, as it were, strangle Secession before it was born.

That Mr. Buchanan may have been even weak and timid, it is quite possible to believe, though to brand him as a traitor is not what we think the historians of the next century will do. Mr. King brings forward much contemporaneous documentary evidence to show what were the real facts, and to help the future writer of true history. The reader will share his regret that he did not keep a complete diary of the more important events at Washington during the autumn and winter of 1860-61. The "letters from President Buchanan never before published" throw little or no fresh light on subjects of public interest. About one-third of the book consists of more or less miscellaneous contributions to literature, politics and history, such as the author's account of the bursting of the gun called "Peacemaker," his first and last sight of President Lincoln, a narrative of the battle of Bladensburg, a history of the official "penalty envelope," sketches of English events and personages, and poems on various subjects. Strange as it may seem, the book has no index, but contains a portrait of the author and an account of his life, by his son, Mr. Horatio C. King.

New Books and New Editions

IN THE TWO comely volumes bearing the title of "The Gurneys of Earham," Mr. A. J. C. Hare tells the story of this remarkable Quaker family, which played so conspicuous a part in the religious and philanthropic life of England during the earlier half of the present century. Biographies of several members of the family have already appeared—Samuel Gurney, Joseph J. Gurney, Elizabeth Fry, and their brother-in-law, Thomas Fowell Buxton,—but of the family as a whole this is the first elaborate memorial. It aims to show how "the wonderful harmony and unity, which no difference of mere opinion could dim or alter, influenced all their thoughts and stimulated all their actions." Their one ideal was living and working for others; in this they were "of one heart and one soul." The correspondence of each of the brothers and sisters has been preserved, with an immense mass of journals recording the details of their daily life, especially of their spiritual life. From these "mountains of material," as he calls them, Mr. Hare has made a judicious selection, bringing the personality of the writers vividly before us and illustrating the magnitude and extent of their philanthropic labors. The copious pictorial illustrations include portraits of all the Gurneys, some of the family several times over at different ages, with views of Earham Hall and other buildings and localities associated with their history. The work throughout is worthy of the author of "Memorials of a Quiet Life," than which no praise can be stronger. (Dodd, & Mead Co.)

NO MORE SUITABLE gift could be found for a student of the ancient languages or history than the new edition of Mommsen's "History of Rome." This great work, as a narrative of the development and fortunes of the Roman state to the end of the Republic, has for more than thirty years held the field against all rivals. Its permanent usefulness is assured because it unites, in a remarkable degree, breadth of view and historical insight with mastery of language as a vehicle, not merely of precise, but also of lively and interesting, presentation. The present edition is from new plates, and incorporates the results of the author's latest labors in the field, besides almost innumerable improvements in the phraseology of the translation. Mr. Dickson is one of the very few who have been successful in rendering a German work of scholarship into strong, idiomatic English; while we catch in his translation somewhat of the inspiration of the original, there is rarely a trace of foreign flavor. The pleasure of using the work is enhanced by the distribution of the matter into five volumes, in place of the four thick volumes of former editions. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

IN PREPARING "The Triumphs of the Cross," says Mr. E. P. Tenney in his preface to that work, "it was the aim at the outset to make a practical book, one dealing with conditions, not theories, facts rather than fancies; not a philosophical book or a book of theology, but a book of achievements:—to tell what Christianity has done to make the world better and happier; to show how the religion of Jesus, alone among all the religions of the world, has cherished childhood, honored womanhood, and dignified the condition of all handicraft workers; how it has quickened the human intellect and fostered the cause of education; how it has purified literature and cleansed art; how it has alleviated social sorrow and wretchedness, notably in its myriad modern philanthropic movements in behalf of the victims of poverty and vice and crime, and in the equally numerous and remarkable evangelistic movements in our great cities, on the outskirts of civilization, and in non-Christian lands." He has been aided in this comprehensive task by over 200 "representative religious workers, international and interdenominational," and has illustrated the whole "by 325 original photographs and works of art by famous masters." The book will prove encouraging reading to those who have observed with apprehension certain signs in the sky: it will allay their fears, and give them renewed confidence in their own and only remedy for all evils and sorrows of civilization and of heathendom. (Boston: Balch Bros.)

IN "Cruising among the Caribees," Dr. Charles Augustus Stoddard has added another to his books of travels in various lands. It is the narrative of a leisurely cruise among the Windward Islands, with the delicious climate and scenery that make such a charming place of refuge for those who dread the rigors of our northern winters. Easily accessible as these beatific regions are from New York, it is surprising that more people do not take shelter in them at this season of the year; perhaps Dr. Stoddard's book will attract some of his readers to make the experiment. Considered as pure literature, it may be open to criticism—there is a little too much diary matter concerning his "agreeable and intelligent" companions, and a little too much unassimilated clipping from Froude and other previous authorities. But for those who are thinking of such a voyage, it will serve as a useful handbook, giving many historical details of interest and much information as to the present condition of the islands, largely the result of the divergent lines on which they have been governed by the different European nations. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

AN ARTISTICALLY illustrated edition of Addison and Steele's *Spectator* papers dealing with London life will be most welcome at the present moment. The information that the Sir Roger de Coverley papers contain regarding eighteenth-century country life in England, these essays supplement, by showing us the London of that day in all its glory and fashionable folly. The illustrations, by Ralph Cleaver, are quite satisfactory, somewhat after the manner made popular by Hugh Thomson and Howard Pyle; and they follow the text and illustrate it with considerable fidelity. The chapter-headings, giving views of the old town, are particularly attractive. The book is one that deserves to be taken into consideration by the lover of dainty books. (Macmillan & Co.) —AN AMERICAN EDITION of "Cavendish on Whist" has been prepared by that great authority, with due reference to our method of scoring, American leads, etc. As, however, some

Americans follow the English laws, the latter have been printed with the laws of the American Whist League. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)—"ANCESTRY" is the name of a pamphlet containing the objects and the regulations affecting eligibility to membership of forty-six patriotic-ancestral societies, such as the Society of the Cincinnati, the Sons of the Revolution, etc. The book has been compiled by Eugene Zieber. (Philadelphia: Bailey, Banks & Biddle Co.)

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H. H. CRICKMORE'S "Old Chester, Etched and Described," is a book to delight the eye and the heart of every tourist who has walked the streets and threaded the "Rows" of that quaintest of English cities. Happily it lies close to the threshold of one of the most frequented approaches to the mother country; and the judicious traveller will always hasten thither instead of lingering in Liverpool, which is only a shabbier New York without a building more ancient than the "Yankee" metropolis can boast. At Chester one feels that he is really in a foreign land, and the fascination of the place is perennial. Visit it again and again, and its charm is renewed without the least dulling or diminution. And here at home this book will revive the interest and pleasure of rambles through Watergate Street and Eastgate Street and Bridge Street, with views of the Cathedral, the Stanley Palace, God's Providence House, the ruins of St. John's Priory, the Walls with their historic towers, the ancient Dee bridge and mill, and many another fine remnant of old-time architecture. Eaton Hall and Hawarden Castle hard by are also included in the pictures and descriptions. Typographically as well as artistically the book is quite faultless. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

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IN HIS "Old World Japan," Frank Rinder has given us a charming glimpse into ancient Japanese mythology. The book contains a score of stories, the first six of which deal with the creation of the world according to the Japanese traditions, the birth of the Shinto deities, and the most picturesque incidents in the history of these gods. The rest have been chosen "with a view rather to their beauty and charm of incident and color, than with an aim to represent adequately the many-sided subject of Japanese love." They are as dainty and delicate as the tracery of an ivory fan from the same country. The book shows not only artistic taste, but careful and conscientious research into the sources of Japanese mythology and history; for the two are so interwoven that it is often impossible to distinguish one from the other. The illustrations, by T. H. Robinson, are pleasing, and the exterior of the book is in dainty keeping with the contents. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)—THE LATEST ISSUE in the Mermaid Series gives us five plays of "George Chapman"—"All Fools," the two "Bussy d'Ambois" dramas, and the two on "Charles, Duke of Byron." Introduction and notes are by Prof. W. L. Phelps of Yale College, who has also carefully revised the pointing, inserted additional stage-directions, and otherwise improved the text. The work is fully up to the high mark of the twenty earlier volumes. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

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THE NUMBER OF outdoor books is steadily increasing, and the readers thereof are beginning to be more critical than when Thoreau gave us "Walden" and the "Week." Probably the demand for such literature is very limited in many instances, but "The Romance of the Woods," by F. J. Wishaw, deserves a host of readers. The author not only loves nature, but knows how to tell others about it, though he lacks a certain amount of technical zoological knowledge that would have helped to make some of his chapters a little more satisfactory. Whether with rod or gun, he is equally at home, and his fish-stories have a genuine ring about them, which satisfies the reader that they are not "fish-stories" at all. The latter half of the volume is devoted to Russian folk-lore and little-known phases of peasant life in that country, and is delightful reading. Clearly and simply told, so that a child may understand, yet in every sense a thorough piece of work that readers of mature years will read with profit and pleasure, this is, from end to end, a most excellent book. (Longmans, Green & Co.)—A RECENT ISSUE in the daintily printed Fly-Leaves Series is Bayard Taylor's "Echo Club," with its nightly confabulations about Morris, Poe and Browning, Keats, Emerson and Stedman, and a biographical "Prologue" from the pen of Richard Henry Stoddard. Another is Thackeray's "Novels by Eminent Hands," with its burlesques of Lever, Bulwer Lytton and Cooper. Both are bound in soft leather and enclosed in neat paper boxes. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"NOTES OF A PROFESSIONAL EXILE," by E. S. Nadal, long Secretary of the American Legation in London, is a very small book with a deal of pleasant reading therein, in the form of vacation jottings at Zwieback, which is evidently the pseudonym of a summer resort in South Germany, where the writer is fond of going. He gives us sketches of native and tourist life, with some sharp comments on Yankee manners abroad, and terse criticisms of leisure readings in Jane Austin, Hazlitt, Carlyle, Froude, Sterne, Gibbon, Miss Martineau, and other authors. It is a notable feature of the "Notes" that the writer often stops sooner than the reader expects, instead of spinning out his reflections overmuch. We would fain have the chat continued, and enjoy carrying out the train of thought ourselves. One of the best things in the book, apropos of "the way in which good people and the other kind consort together," is the description of the dinner-party where Michael, Satan, Gabriel, Raphael, Moloch, Beelzebub, and Mammon meet with Rebecca, Mary and Martha, Sappho and Aspasia, and other ladies. Another capital bit is the speculation concerning the later career of Helen of Troy, after her return to Sparta. These are full of genuine humor. The stamped leather binding of the book is unique and tasteful. (The Century Co.)

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"OLD BOSTON" contains, in quarto form, half-tone reproductions of thirty-four etchings by Henry R. Blaney of buildings in old Boston, many of which have disappeared in recent years, while others are fast going the same way. The etchings were made from pencil studies on the spot, and have all the accuracy of photographs. A few prints from photographic negatives, never before published, are added. Among those of edifices still in existence are the Old State House, Faneuil Hall, the Old South Church, the Old North Church, and sundry ancient houses in out-of-the-way localities that have thus far escaped the march of "modern improvement." The views of structures sacrificed in this progress include the Old Province House, the Hancock House, the Old Brick Church, the Lamb, the Green Dragon, the Sun, the King's Head, and other famous hostels, and many houses associated with memories of Colonial and Revolutionary men and events. A brief account of each, from the pen of the artist, accompanies the engravings. The book will have special interest for dwellers in the "Hub" and those who trace their lineage thence; but it is at the same time an important contribution to the early history of the country. It would be an appropriate holiday gift to people whose tastes lie in the direction of American antiquities and archaeology. (Lee & Shepard.)

Fiction

THE GENIUS of George Sand was in nothing more strikingly shown than in her treatment of peasant life. Notwithstanding her disclaimer in her Notice prefixed to "La Mare au Diable," she effected a real revolution in literature, for she left the romance of pastoral life a very different thing from what she found it. "The Devil's Pool," "Fadette" and "François Le Champi" can no more be strictly related to their predecessors than the painting of Millet or Courbet can be derived from that of Constable or the old Dutch masters. The chapters on the wedding in "The Devil's Pool" would alone suffice to differentiate their author, not only from all former writers of pastoral fiction, but from her contemporaries, for in them she takes nearly the standpoint of the modern folk-lore collector, and regards the curious ceremonies of the "wedding favors," the pranks of the "infidel" and his wife, and the planting of the sacred cabbage, as one who surmises that such things may be much more than merely curious. The translations of these three romances, by Jane Minot Sedgwick and Ellery Sedgwick, of which Mr. De Vinne has printed a limited edition on hand-made paper, are readable and accurate, though they have little of the special charm of style of the originals. The edition is in all respects a very pretty one, in its clear type, etched frontispieces, rough edges and grey paper covers with red cloth joints. As a contrast to these naturalistic tales of rustic life, nothing could be better chosen than the same author's story of "The Master Mosaic Workers," which is an historical romance of the Romantic period, translated by Charlotte G. Johnston. It has as frontispiece an etched portrait of Titian. (Little, Brown & Co.)

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A SELECTION FROM the "Moral Tales" of Marmontel, in the old English translation "a little brushed up and set straight," affords Mr. George Saintsbury as editor an opportunity, of which

he takes full advantage, to display his knowledge and appreciation of what was best in the eighteenth century—namely, its dinners and suppers and small-talk. He expatiates upon the excellent dinner Marmontel ate in the Bastille, but which had been intended for the latter's valet, who got instead the still more excellent dinner that had been cooked for his master. He recalls his author's "Memoirs" chiefly to mention these dinners, and, when he turns to the tales, it is to praise, in a characteristically light and airy sentence, that style of "easy and more or less satiric narrative or conversation, which, if it sometimes sinned by a little too elaborate archness, was at its best the lightest, airiest, most attractive vehicle for badinage and bagatelle that is known, or that is even conceivable, unless it be that lighter conversational style of Greek of which we have some glimpses in Plato and Aristophanes, and a fuller but late and mixed adumbration in Lucian." "Chris" Hammond's illustrations in pen-and-ink are clever and ornament the page very acceptably. (Macmillan & Co.)

* * *

"KUSHNA KANTA'S WILL" is one of the works of the most popular of modern Bengali *littérateurs*. Indeed, it is claimed that Bankim Chandra Chatterjee was the greatest novelist that India has ever produced. However that may be, it remains that this story, as translated by Mrs. M. S. Knight, is undoubtedly powerful and interesting in its influence even upon the author's antipodes. One is so used to thinking that no good thing but Kipling ever came out of India—unless it was Jos. Sedley—that its native literature is all Mahābhārata and blue-books for the British Government,—that one acknowledges a distinct filip of surprise in finding an indubitable modern novel, and a very good one, indeed. Here are pathos and tragedy, relieved by the best of humor, to recommend the book as a worthy competitor in the American market with our native wares. One may pick the book up to glance it over—to taste it is a species of caviar,—but he will stay to read it through, which is more than can be done with many novels deliberately intended to allure the Anglo-Saxon mind. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—"ANOTHER HARDY," as some critics have dubbed Mr. Walter Raymond, is after all hardly a fair title; for, while Mr. Raymond knows the peasants of southwestern England and their lingo quite as well as does Mr. Hardy, perhaps, he does not enter into competition with that great author's soul-stirring and passionate view of life. "Love and a Quiet Life," the title of one of Mr. Raymond's earlier books, well summarizes his attitude in literature. In his new story it is true that his events pass "In the Smoke of War" and give us glimpses of the harrying of the West when Gen. Fairfax drove the Cavaliers before him in his march to the relief of Taunton, but nevertheless it is a simple narrative of the love of a miller's daughter. Mr. Raymond has not sapped his sudden reputation by this book. It is more than a *succès d'estime*, for it has vital qualities which make a second reading possible and conduce to that much-desired tingle of satisfaction, which (for example) comes to the disillusioned reviewer when he finds a really good book. (Macmillan & Co.)

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MR. JOHN KENDRICK BANGS has seldom inflicted upon a long-suffering public a more jocular series of atrocities than that which he has committed between the first page and the last of "A House-Boat on the Styx." The sketches are accompanied by illustrations wherein we may see the old familiar faces of Nero playing billiards with Shakespeare, of Charon shaking hands with Sir Walter Raleigh, and Adam giving a full, true and particular account of his fall to the shade of the late Mr. Barnum. There never was such a jolly lot of ghosts, and it is worth while to make a journey to the Styx in the company of Mr. Bangs for the sake of renewing our acquaintance with them. (Harper & Bros.)—"THE PLAN of 'Paul Heriot's Pictures,'" by Alison M'Lean, is rather an ingenious one. It opens with the description of an old and friendless artist, spending his last years in a peaceful village, where the narrator gets to know him and learns from him the various stories associated with certain specially prized sketches. The stories are then told, one after another, and compose the bulk of the book. A quiet, pleasing style, and a refined, delicate imagination, make it decidedly an attractive one for those to whom it is suited, especially for older girls. "The Christmas Dog," in which a canine waif plays an important part in the lives of those who shelter him, is particularly touching. A distinct, though not obtrusive, religious tone, of the kind represented broadly by Miss Yonge, runs through all the stories, and will in many people's minds increase its fitness for the class of readers we have suggested for it. (F. Warne & Co.)

A NEW EDITION of Anthony Hope's story of political and social life in Australia, "Half a Hero," has been published. The book first appeared in 1893, and has undoubtedly dramatic power. It may be observed here that *The Critic* of 30 Sept. 1893, in a note regarding this author, stated that he was the author of "A Man of Mark," "Sport Royal" and "A Change of Air," books that have since found wide popularity among us. (Harper & Bros.)—"THE DELECTABLE DUCHY," by "Q," has been added to Macmillan's Novelists' Library. This book is of those that will continue to be welcome to an ever-growing circle of readers.—OF ALL Mr. Crawford's later work, his series of novels of American life has most interest to us. The first book of the series, "Katharine Lauderdale," first published in two volumes, has now been brought out in one, in the uniform cloth edition of Mr. Crawford's novels. (Macmillan & Co.)—MERIAM'S VIOLET SERIES, which contains already some excellent short stories, has been further enriched by the addition of "The Snowball," an excellent short story—historical, of course,—by Stanley J. Weyman. (Merriam Co.)

* * *

"COUNTRY STORIES," by Mary Russell Mitford, includes a round dozen of tales, among them the soothing one of "Country Lodgings," with its well-bred Polish hero; "The London Visitor" and his unhappy experience with the pike; "Miss Philly Firkin, the China-Woman" and her action at law; and "The Beauty of the Village," with a full account of how she acquired a corrected temper and a purified heart. These pleasant, drowsy, little old-time stories gain much from the pretty illustrations by Mr. George Morrow, in which we see Aunt Deborah sitting solemnly in her pew, Mr. Adolphus Lynfield experimenting with the geese, and the "Lost Dahlia" become a dahlia *retrouvée*. The cover is a showy one in dark green and gold. (Macmillan & Co.)—"LA BELLE NIVERNAISE" and five other short stories show M. Alphonse Daudet's charming talent at its best. The honest captain of "La Belle" had won our sympathy long ago, and he has it again as we see him in the spotty French illustrations measuring the policeman as he would a log of timber, addressing the crowd, and trotting off with the little castaway to his canal-boat. None the less do we rejoice in that clever M. Jarjaille, who backed into Paradise, and left, head first, to see a bull-fight; in that bright little Algerian boy who obtained the title of Father of the Lazy; in the gluttonous Abbé Balaguère; and in the author's first dress-coat, the story of which, as everybody knows, appeared originally in the author's reminiscences of his "Vingt Ans de Paris." The half-dozen stories make a very pretty little book with a design of poppies in gold on the cover. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

The Lounger

CERTAIN OF MY friends who admire George Meredith are grieved that I do not share their admiration. They think that I am losing a good deal by not finding "joy" in the perusal of his turgid books. These friends of mine and admirers of his show much patience in their efforts to convert me. One thinks that he will lay me low by pouring choice bits into my ears. Only a day or two ago, he sent me two quotations from "Harry Richmond," copied out in a neat, legible hand. "I hope," he wrote, "that you will not consider them absolute bosh, nor completely devoid of music." Here is one of them:—

"Carry your fever to the Alps, you of minds diseased; not to sit down in sight of them ruminating, for bodily ease and comfort will trick the soul and set you measuring our lean humanity against yonder sublime and infinite; but mount, rack the limbs, wrestle it out among the peaks; taste danger, sweat, earn rest: learn to discover ungrudgingly, that haggard fatigue is the fair vision you have run to earth, and that rest is your uttermost reward. Would you know what it is to hope, and have all your hopes at hand? Hang upon the crags at a gradient that makes your next step a debate between the thing you are and the thing you may become. There the many little hopes grow for the climber like flowers and food, immediate, prompt to prove their uses, sufficient if just within the grasp, as mortal hopes should be. How the old lax life closes in around you there! You are the man of your faculties, nothing more. Why should a man pretend to more? We ask it wonderingly when we are healthy. Poetic rhapsodists in the vales below, may tell you of the joy and grandeur of the upper regions; they cannot pluck you the medical herb. He gets that who wanders the marshy hedges at nightfall, to behold the distant Sennhüttchen twinkle, who leaps the green-eyed crevasses, and in the solitude of an emerald alp, stretches a salt hand to the mountain kine."

* * *

HERE IS the other, which I think that he likes even better:—

"Is it any waste of time to write of love? The trials of life are in it, but in a narrow ring and a fiercer. You may learn to know yourself through love, as you do after years of life, whether you are fit to lift them that are about you, or whether you are but a cheat, and a load on the backs of your fellows. The impure perishes, the inefficient languishes, the moderate comes to its autumn of decay—these are of the kinds which aim at satisfaction to die of it soon or late. The love that survives has strangled craving; it lives because it lives to nourish and succour like the heavens. But to strangle craving is indeed to go through a death before you reach your immortality."

* * *

CERTAINLY, THE SECOND paragraph is the simpler of the two. You can understand more readily what Meredith is driving at, and it is not "completely devoid of music." But of the first paragraph I can only say that it reads to me like some of the stumbling-blocks in "Lord Ormont" or "The Amazing Marriage," and yet it was selected by one who admires Meredith as showing his particular charm. It is not of a style that endures.

* * *

I HAVE PET aversions among words as well as among books, and one of the former is the word "joy" used as some writers use it, and not as I believe it was intended to be used. A friend of mine calls words so misused "precious words," probably because "precious" is one of the most misused. I notice in a few lines in *The Outlook*, written by Ian Maclaren to his American readers, that he says:—"It has been my joy for ten years," etc. Now, why his "joy"—why not his pleasure? And again, at the end of the letter, he writes:—"I wish you Christmas joy"—why not Christmas happiness? Ian Maclaren does not seem to be a man to use "precious words." His face is not that of an aesthete. On the contrary, it is that of a practical, clear-sighted, shrewd, kindly man, with no nonsense about him.

* * *

SPEAKING OF *The Outlook*, its well-announced "magazine number" is at hand, and an interesting one it is, too. When I first heard of it, I supposed that it would be something on the plan of *The Review of Reviews* and give copious extracts from the magazines, but to my surprise it is nothing of the sort. It is an issue of *The Outlook* made up in the manner of a magazine, with special illustrated articles and the first chapters of Ian Maclaren's new novel, "Kate Carnegie," which will also run in *The Bookman*. *The Outlook* is beginning slowly and with caution, but it is apparently qualifying to take a place among the big magazines.

* * *

I AM GLAD to find one author who does not echo Byron's line. "Now, Barabbas was a publisher." In a conversation with a representative of *The Idler*, Mr. du Maurier speaks of the handsome treatment he has had at the hands of the Messrs. Harper. He had not much faith in "Trilby" beyond the name, which he considered an inspiration, and, rather than take a royalty, he took \$10,000 for the story and illustrations. When the Messrs. Harper saw what a boom the story was likely to have, "they voluntarily destroyed our agreement," says Mr. du Maurier, "and arranged to allow me, from the beginning of January last, a handsome royalty on every copy sold." But even this generous treatment has not raised his opinion of the royalty plan, for he demanded a lump sum for "The Martian"—\$50,000, it is said. I shall be interested to see if the story earns it. I dare say that it will, for that buys all rights—serial and book—for all countries.

* * *

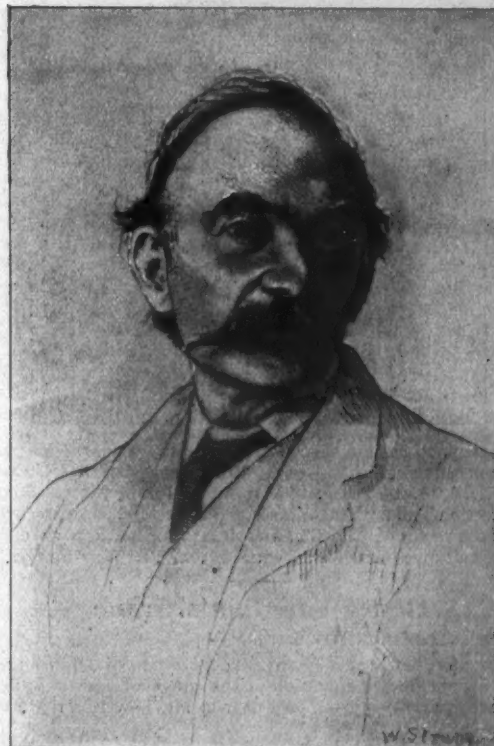
IN CONVERSATION with his interviewer, Mr. du Maurier said:—"Of course, most of the stories circulated about 'Trilby' are ludicrously wide of the mark. There was no original of Trilby; no original of Svengali; nor any of nineteen out of twenty characters in the book. Little Billee is not Fred Walker—whom I deliberately introduced in his own person, to avoid any misconception. The life described is often drawn 'from the life.' But the characters, no. Not even in the case of my old friend Lamont, whose French, I can assure you, is never that of 'Stratford atte Bowe,' and whose boundless good humor and sunny temperament alone are reproduced in the 'Laird.'" Mr. du Maurier disclaimed all credit for the play, and complimented Mr. Potter on "the happiest of all thoughts," the making of the "hypnotic influence the central motive" of the play.

* * *

SPEAKING OF AUTHORS' earnings, I was surprised to hear from the best of authorities—the Cassell Publishing Co.—that Mme. Sarah Grand had received over \$10,000 on a ten per cent. royalty for the American rights in "The Heavenly Twins." If the Messrs. Appleton have paid Mme. Grand on the basis of this business, and in the new appreciation of the value of popular authors, they must have sent her a handsome check.

* * *

MR. THOMAS HARDY'S new novel, "Jude the Obscure," has been received by the critics of this country and of England with a unanimity that is as refreshing as it is condemnatory of the book.



I for one am very glad to see that a serious author, read and esteemed by very serious people, cannot kick over the traces without being pulled up sharply and lectured on his strange behavior. I have yet failed to see a single explanation of, or excuse for, Mr. Hardy's extraordinary performance.

* * *

MISS MARIE CORELLI writes to the *Herald* that she is a most modest and retiring person, and that she refuses all requests for her portrait, or to appear before the public, though she might make a great deal of money by reading from her own works. She denies that she declined to have her latest book, "The Sorrows of Satan," sent to the reviewers out of spite, but declares that she wanted to show them that it would sell without their praise or blame; and she adds that she has the pleasure of knowing that 30,000 out of the 50,000 already disposed of were sold before a single notice of the book had been published. Miss Corelli admits that she is a fighter, and that she has not scrupled to return the blows aimed at her with interest, "as all should who set value on 'the noble art of self-defence.'" In concluding her tirade, she says:—"I am happily unmarried [which is much better than being unhappily married], and I live, as most young unmarried women live, at home with my relatives, controlled by them in such wise that I certainly should not be allowed either a cigarette or a latch-key were I foolish enough to demand these 'new woman' privileges!" She also denies that she is patronized by the royal family of England, though the Queen and the Prince of Wales read her books.

Lucas Malet

LUCAS MALET, known in daily life as Mrs. Harrison, is a daughter of Charles Kingsley. Her novels, which, like those of her uncle Henry, have lately attracted renewed attention, bear the stamp of an originality that refuses to be classified, of a powerful,



poetic imagination, and of strong, meditative humor. Her published work, thus far, consists of "Mrs. Lorimer," "Col. Enderby's Wife," "Little Peter: A Christmas Morality," "A Counsel of Perfection" and "The Wages of Sin." Mrs. Harrison's husband is the rector of Clovelly, and was once her father's curate. The portrait given here is reproduced from *The New Budget*.

Henry Vaughan's Grave

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

There was a letter of mine in *The Athenaeum* of October 12, reporting the neglected condition of the grave of Henry Vaughan the Silurist (1621-1695)—a poet dear to Mr. Lowell, Mr. Matthew



Arnold, Prof. Palgrave, Dr. John Brown and some other people who honor genius none the less, when it happens to be

"pushed away
In the hot press of the noon-day."

That letter succeeded only in part. A modest sum was asked for, from those who know the worth of Vaughan's peculiar and exquisite quality (and from these few only), in order that a coal-shed might be moved from the head of his tomb in the churchyard of Llansaintfraed, Breconshire. If five or six Americans will now contribute five dollars each, it can be done, to the added everlasting credit of our own country, which has so much more thought and tenderness for old English literature than have the English themselves. Any subscription sent by

money-order, and marked "for the Vaughan Fund," will be gladly received by Herbert E. Clarke, Esq., 11 Queen's Road, Beckenham, Kent, England, and put to its prompt and pious use.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

AUBURNDAL, MASS., 10 Dec. 1895.

We quote the following communication from the London *Daily Graphic* of 8 Nov. :—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY GRAPHIC:—

"Attention has been called recently to the neglected state of the grave of Henry Vaughan, the 'Silurist.' I beg to send you a sketch of its present condition. If the coal-hut and ash-box were removed, the grave itself would not be unworthy of a poet, for an ancient yew bends over it, and the slab is furred over by delicate green lichen, which turns to gold in the occasional gleams of sunshine. In the silence of the place the ripple of the author's beloved Usk can be heard. Oddly enough, excepting this grave, the churchyard is in 'apple-pie' order, the conifers with which it is planted having even little labels of iron before them bearing their botanical names and habitat. But the slab is largely covered with cinders, which I pushed back to sketch the inscription. No doubt the rubric does direct 'ashes to ashes,' but the good folk of Llansaintfraed have complied with a ridiculous generosity.

"ARLUNYDD PENYGARN."

"Author, Agent and Publisher"

THERE NEVER was a time when books, their authors and their publishers attracted as much attention as they do to-day. What the actor was to the past generation the author is to the present. It used to be that Matilda Ann in her third-story-back-hall-bedroom read of the doings and the earnings of actresses and longed to go upon the stage. To-day she reads of the triumphs and the earnings of authoresses and pines to join their ranks. Augustus Fitz-Noodle as he measured out calico from behind the counter of the big dry-goods "emporium" used to long for an opportunity to win fame and money as Romeo or Hamlet; to-day, as he calls the loitering "Cash," his mind is upon authorship. Why should he not be a Hall Caine, a Stevenson, a Richard Harding Davis? Unfortunately, pens, ink and paper are easier to obtain than engagements in theatrical companies, so Fitz-Noodle writes. Sometimes he gets printed, sometimes he does not; at any rate, he joins an Authors' Society, and his manuscript goes to the long-suffering publisher.

Authors claim that they are only now getting their proper recognition, and many lay the accomplishment of their object at the door of the literary agent. They were, so some claim, a hard-working, underpaid crew, until Mr. A. P. Watt appeared upon the scene to fight their battles. Publishers are not of this opinion, and they, or a majority of them, regard the literary agent, not only as a nuisance, but as a person who in the long run is going to do the author incalculable harm.

An English publisher, Mr. T. Werner Laurie, had an article in the November *Nineteenth Century*, in which he expresses himself very hotly on the side of the publisher, as against the agent and the Council of the Society of Authors. The changes made by the latter, he says, are "becoming so violent and so continuous, that it will soon become necessary for publishers to take up the matter seriously." The effect of the agent, he argues, is to sacrifice the small writer to the "great one." The latter is accepted by the publisher at a price beyond his worth for the sake of having his name as an advertisement, while the "commonplace is docked of a considerable portion of his price" to enable the publisher to meet the "unbridled greediness" of the popular man. And again, it is "common knowledge to all readers of fiction that several of our popular writers, who have recently been logrolled into popularity, and who were unknown to the public three or four years ago, have already written themselves dry," and in many instances their "future is mortgaged for years to come for books of which the author has not even a title, these being known in the agreement as, say, 'the September 1905 ninety-two-thousand word story.'" And yet, continues Mr. Laurie, in spite of all the efforts of the Authors Society and the agents, "they have not succeeded in forcing the percentage up to that given by the publishers of their own free will to George Eliot for some of her works."

Mr. Laurie makes another point, which those who rail against the publisher should remember:—

"It is curious to note," he writes, "that in the many lucubrations which issue from the Society their minds carry no further than 'Fiction.' To

judge from their outbursts one would think there were no such things as History, Travel, Theology, Philosophy, and Science, for the six-shilling novel seems the limit of their horizon. In their haste to denounce the publishers, they forget that literature is indebted to that body of men and not to authors for the planning of such works as the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and the numerous 'libraries' and 'series' which may be found in every public library. Members of the Council might have to confess, too, that had not some exceedingly speculative expeditions been generously and ably financed by publishers, there would have been several important works of science and travel less in last year's publishing lists."

So much for the Society of Authors, having demolished which, Mr. Laurie turns his attention to the literary agent, whom he characterizes as "an unpleasant excrescence on literature, and one who is doing it incalculable harm." The moment he finds an author with a spark of genius in him, he "works him for all he's worth." He sets forth among the trade, and "makes contracts for stories for the unfortunate man well into the next century." Mr. Laurie draws a terrible picture of the agonized author at this period in his career. He finds himself

"turned into a fiction mill with contracts staring him in the eyes for three or four novels a year, for the next, say, five years. * * * He thinks nervously of the book that brought him before the public, and which took him the ten best years of his life to write, but, with the terror of the law in his eyes, he sits down and produces—well, some of the later volumes of a well-known clique will illustrate our meaning. This is what the agent does for literature, and he is the man the Society of Authors extols. It is indeed sad to see writers of genius, who, had they been allowed their own time, could have produced works which would have delighted posterity, writing themselves to rags to keep their contracts. The mere fact of being bound down to produce so much work in so much time has been on several occasions sufficient to utterly wreck the nerves of sensitive writers, and some publishers have on their files at present shockingly pathetic letters from literary men, imploring for freedom from contracts which the agent has made for them. They know too well that, if they sued for this through their agent, an immediate action for breach of contract would be the answer. The demoralising effect which this middleman has upon authors may be better understood, when it is known to what depth of literary indecency the agent can bring them."

The London *Publishers' Circular* discusses Mr. Laurie's article in a recent issue, and, while it agrees with most that he says, it takes a more temperate view of the situation. It admits that "over-production and the greed of gain are the besetting sins of the day in the literary world," but scouts Mr. Laurie's suggestion that publishers might combine "to put an end to several evils that are now borne patiently." "We do not think such a course will be necessary," it adds, "since authors are slowly finding that reasonableness, after all, is the best policy." Let us hope that this is true, and that neither author nor publisher will seek or secure more than is his due.

The author's and agent's side of the story was not heard until the publication of the December number of *The Nineteenth Century*. Sir Martin Conway speaks for the former, and Sir Walter Besant for the latter. They leave Mr. Laurie scarcely a leg to stand on. Not satisfied with denying his charges generally, they deny them specifically. Sir Martin Conway denies that the Society of Authors exists to attack publishers. "It exists for no such purpose," he declares, "but merely to resist extortion and to protect literary property." It has 1300 members, each one of whom is a "bona fide author." The Society was organized to fill a need, and it has accomplished its task in that respect.

In his defence of the literary agent in general, and Mr. A. P. Watt in particular, Sir Walter Besant proves by his own experience and that of other well-known writers that Mr. Watt is a great labor-saving institution. The author does the writing (that is all)—Mr. Watt does the rest. The publisher doesn't count. Not the least of Mr. Watt's clients are Sir Walter himself and Mr. Rudyard Kipling, each of whom enthusiastically testifies to his power and accomplishments. Mr. Laurie says that the agent destroys the pleasant relations between author and publisher, that he degrades the profession of letters by reducing it to a trade and the author to a machine. To these charges Sir Walter replies, illustrating from his own experience:—

"My affairs were first taken in hand for me by Mr. Watt in the year 1884—now eleven years ago and more. Since that time I have always had arranged for me engagements for three years in advance—that is to say, I have always been able to work without any immediate anxiety of being unable to place work. I have not had to endure the intolerable burden of hawking my own wares. If anything could degrade literature this would. All the time I have lived in perfect ease as regards money. Think what freedom from money anxiety means when one is engaged in imaginative work! I have lived in perfect amity with my publisher; yet this writer pretends that the agent destroys such amity. He does not. He makes friendship possible, because he makes it possible for publisher

and author to respect each other as honourable men. Further, during the whole of this time I am quite certain that neither publisher nor editor has ever grumbled at the terms which Mr. Watt has made with him for my work. Can one man, I ask, confer upon another a greater service than in taking off his shoulders the burden that is laid upon most—the necessity of struggle for the daily bread?"

As to turning a man into a "fiction mill," Sir Walter says that that applies to Thackeray, or Dickens, or any other writer of fiction:—"A novelist is exactly like a painter; he knows that he can promise a novel at a certain date if he gives himself long enough time for the work; he has just as much right to accept an engagement for three years ahead, subject to that condition, as a painter has to accept a commission for that time ahead." Which argument and illustration have already been used by a writer in *The Critic* of Nov. 16. Sir Walter hints that if Mr. Watt is goaded much longer, he will take the upper hand and himself become the publisher of the thirty or more distinguished writers for whom he is now merely the agent. We doubt if Mr. Watt would try so costly an experiment. It is one thing to take ten per cent. of an author's \$10,000, let us say, and another to pay him that sum out of your own pocket.

The Publishers' Circular replies to Sir Walter and Sir Martin in a temperate editorial, in which it says on the subject of "fiction-mills":—

"It stands to reason that no writer, especially no imaginative writer, can contract, like a mere manufacturer, to deliver so many books of various lengths upon such and such dates for half a dozen years ahead, and do himself and his readers justice. Disappointment, bitterness, and break-down are invariably the results when the thing is attempted. It is notorious that popular writers are every day producing stuff utterly unworthy of their reputations, simply because they must fulfil contracts, and that these writers are suffering in consequence. We do not say that the agent is entirely to blame for this; there must be two parties to a contract, and publishers themselves are perhaps not faultless. We merely state a fact. The argument that Dickens and Thackeray were also 'fiction-mills' is scarcely relevant, for it brings us to a question of brains, which cannot well be discussed. Given the genius of a Dickens or a Thackeray and many things are easy that would be impossible in the case of less gifted men; but, it may be asked, if even Scott—the most facile as well as the greatest of all writers of fiction—suffered, and suffered grievously, from the evils of a too rapid production, what is to become of common men when they attempt feats of swiftness beyond their power?"

Mr. Labouchere, too, has his say on this exciting subject, and he is not very polite to the author; but then, to whom is Mr. Labouchere polite? "If an agent," he says, "is prepared to engage to buy books not already written, and if he gives security for the completion of the bargain on his side, the author, from the sole monetary standpoint, is wise in closing with him; for popularity, especially in works of fiction, is often fleeting, and many men can write one or two good novels, but afterwards write drivel, which only sells so long as the halo of the first works continues. One good novel, in other words, often sells a dozen poor ones by the same author. But it is doubtful whether, as a literary man, the author is likely to increase his reputation by the sale of unmanufactured manuscript by the yard in this fashion." Mr. Labouchere objects to the amount of gossip about authors that is published in the public press. Is it because they are authors that Mr. Labouchere objects to the gossip about them, or does he object to gossip about anyone? And if so, why does he edit a journal whose sole purpose, apparently, is to publish gossip about men and women? But then, Mr. Labouchere never was consistent, and why should he be so now?

There is no doubt that authors and their relations with publishers are attracting more attention to-day than ever before, but is there not some good reason for it? Is not the public more interested in books than ever before? Judging from the money that seems to flow into the coffers of popular authors, we should say that such was the case.

The Tennyson Beacon Fund

SINCE our last report (Dec. 14), the following subscriptions have been received:—

Members of Cornell University (professors and students),	\$33
R. W. Gilder (additional),	10
I. C., Block Island,	1
Mrs. M. R. Wilson, in memory of her husband,	1

\$45

Previously received, \$1183.51. Total to date, \$1228.51.

When, on April 27 of this year, *The Critic* undertook to complete the American fund for the erection of the Tennyson Beacon

on the Isle of Wight, the total sum then received by the American committee was \$720. The appeal made to lovers of the Laureate on this side of the water found ready response at first, then seemed to have been almost in vain, only to prove its efficacy in the following week by renewed contributions. The complete list of subscribers to date, published below, is truly representative of the nation. It contains the names of men and women of letters, professors and teachers and their pupils, children, business men, workingmen and people of leisure; and West and South as well as North and East are represented there.

The total amount recorded by *The Critic* (\$1228.51) will be forwarded to the Rev. Joseph Merriman, on the Isle of Wight. Surely, no better moment could be chosen to prove to our brethren across the sea that we are of one race, and that we feel that their great men are ours.

\$100 each: Estes & Lauriat; John E. Parsons; "Fernandina."
\$50 each: Mrs. James T. Fields; *The Youth's Companion* (by Mr. Daniel C. Ford); Mrs. George W. Childs; The Century Co.

\$33: Members of Cornell University.

\$30: Mrs. Norris, San Francisco.

\$25 each: Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes; President Seth Low of Columbia; Richard Watson Gilder.

\$20 each: Miss Sarah Orne Jewett; Mrs. Mary Lowell Putnam; Miss Ellen Frothingham.

\$10 each: Prof. Charles Eliot Norton; the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop; T. B. Aldrich; the Hon. Martin Brimmer; Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford; the Hon. H. O. Houghton; George H. Mifflin; Miss Louise Kennedy; James Murray Kay; Alden P. White; Mrs. Harriet N. Holland; Mrs. Julia Delano; the Rev. Dr. William R. Huntington; Anson Phelps Stokes; Henry Holt; Edmund Clarence Stedman; Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton; Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr; *Normal College Echo*, New York; G. L. J.; the Rev. Dr. Arthur Brooks; the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke.

\$8: Miss Baldwin's School, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

\$6: Mr. John McDuffy's School for Girls.

\$5 each: Mrs. Mabel Lowell Burnett; Miss A. M. Longfellow; Prof. Francis J. Child; Prof. James M. Pierce; Dr. William J. Rolfe; P. R. and Rose Hollingsworth; Isaphine M. Wheelwright; E. T. and Mary E. Fairbanks; Col. T. W. Higginson; the Rev. Alfred Gooding; the Rev. Dr. Henry Mottet; Miss C. S. Harper; Miss S. E. Wister; Dr. C. H. Vinton; Miss Lillian Horsford; Miss Helena P. Curtis; Miss Grace Denio Litchfield; Miss Lucy A. Kilham; Miss Mary R. Curzon; the Rev. Samuel May; Miss Julia Larned; Miss Sarah J. Farley; "Gratitude"; J. H. Clarke; R. U. Johnson; Mrs. George Lunt, in memory of her brother, Dr. T. W. Parsons; the Rev. Minot J. Savage; S. H. Kauffmann; Mrs. George S. Fraser; George C. Hurlbut; A. C. Bernheim; James B. Skehan; K. L. Wilks; Prof. J. F. Genung, Amherst College; Prof. Martin W. Sampson, University of Indiana; Mrs. Charles Harrod; Chiopi Society, National Park Seminary, Forest Glen, Md.; A. W. Drake; East Hampton (Mass.) High School.

\$4.25: High School, Cambridge, Mass.

\$3.61: The Neighbory Club, New Windsor on Hudson, N. Y.

\$2.65: From a few Girls of the West End Avenue School, New York.

\$2.50: Ladies' Reading Club, Pittsfield.

\$2 each: Miss Louise Imogen Guiney; Miss T. M. Francis; C.; Prof. Fabian Franklin; William Potts; the Rev. Charles Gordon Ames; W. Gordon McCabe; Mrs. S. F. Emerson; Mrs. W. H. Halle; K.; Mrs. James A. Paige.

\$1 each: C. T. Copeland; Miss Marie Howe; Miss Elizabeth P. Gould; Miss Mary E. Dewey; Miss Sarah Hammond Palfrey; M. A. DeWolfe Howe, Jr.; Francis Jackson Garrison; Miss F. J. Gurney; Miss Lillian S. Gregerson; Thomas J. Hastings; Charles F. Sweet; Miss Mary F. Davis; Miss Elizabeth Leadbetter; Mrs. M. A. Moore; the Rev. J. H. Heywood; Miss Jessie Cochrane; Charles Wm. Pearson; Miss E. L. Alexander; Miss H. L. R. Dodge; Miss H. N. Danenhower; "Wage Worker"; John Worthington; "Guinevere"; Miss C. M. Roberts; Miss M. R. J. DuBois; C. D. Lacie; Miss A. J. Bowne; A. Schade van Westrum; "Denver, Col."; S. E. Archibald; Extra Tennyson Class, Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.; Fanny H. R. Poole; "Admirer of Tennyson"; Frank Holden; R. B.; I. Crockett; C. L. C.; Chambers Baird; the Rev. W. A. B.; Prof. C. Alphonso Smith, Louisiana State Univ.; Charles W. Kent; C. A. H.; Master Harold Chalmers; M. D. P.; Master Chalmers Holbrook; "For Tennyson Beacon"; E. A. S.; Eugene Parsons; Edward F. Stearns; F. W. Proudfoot; Frederick Ives

Carpenter; Oscar L. Triggs; Albert H. Tolman; Mrs. F. A. Blackburn; the Rev. Dr. C. Ellis Stevens; E. L. B.; John H. Buck; H. W. Rolfe; Samuel C. Donaldson; Mr. Harris; Mrs. E. B. Fullerton; L. H. White; I. C.; Review Club, Manchester, N. H.; Mrs. M. R. Wilson, in memory of her husband.

50 cts. each: Miss Mathilde Comfoot; "From One of His Lovers"; T. N. Merriam.

In addition to the above, the following amounts were sent direct to the Rev. Merriman from this country:

Mrs. Samuel E. Donaldson, 4s.; William Higgs, 10s.; Prof. Thomas R. Price, 1l. 1s.; Joseph Morris, 8s.; Mrs. C. A. Kent, 1l.; Mrs. and Miss J. Donaldson, 8s.; Isaac and Miss Emily Smith, 4s.; Mrs. Gardner, 4s.; Dr. J. S. Wood, 5s.; J. D. Weston, 1l.; Charles H. J. Soddard, 5l.; Miss Eliza L. Johnston, 4s.; Robert P. Kerr, 4s.; G. W. Reigle, 8s.; Mrs. Pruyn, 2l.; Miss M. B. Brittan, 10s.; Mrs. Robert Hoe, 5l.

London Letter

MR. HALL CAINE reached Queenstown on Wednesday, and is now returned to his home in the Isle of Man. Meanwhile, the interviewer has been busy; and, if Mr. Caine were a general bringing home a triumph, he could scarcely have been more written about than he has been during the last few days. Now, all this is rather hard on Mr. Caine. There is not the slightest doubt that he will be proved to have done excellent work during his visit to Canada, and that the British novelist will owe him a large debt of gratitude; but the glib interviewer, who writes him up as a national hero upon this account, does Mr. Caine scant kindness. There is really nothing heroic in protecting your own interests, and Mr. Caine will be the first to feel embarrassed by a great deal of the bombast that has been uttered over this admirable, but essentially commercial enterprise. For the rest, one wishes him the very best of luck, and the most ample returns for himself and his brother-novelists.

Mr. Caine speaks kindly of his experiences in New York. He finds the American man-of-business "childlike and bland," with none of that infinite capacity for holding his own which is commonly supposed to be his characteristic. There is no doubt that British prejudice has formed an unfair notion of American subtlety; still, "childlike" (with your permission) is a somewhat big word. Of the Canadian attitude to the copyright difficulty Mr. Caine speaks most hopefully; he seems to think that a compromise will be effected to the mutual advantage of all parties concerned. Mr. Caine, moreover, seems to have acted with thoroughgoing tact and discretion in all his difficult negotiations. You feel an instinctive respect for his achievement. At the same time, wishing him well, you wish him salvation from the less discriminating of his friends.

"The Comedy of Errors" was performed on Saturday night at Gray's Inn Hall—the room in which it was originally produced; and the members of the Elizabethan Shakespeare Society, who were responsible for the revival, showed more than common intelligence in their attempt to reproduce the features of the drama as contemporary with Shakespeare. There was no raised stage, the characters moved about the clear part of the Hall, speaking as they entered and retired; and many and surprising were their exits and their entrances. In the last act, the Abbess appeared in the gallery of the Hall, and spoke her lines from that elevated position. Halberdiers and torch-bearers stood on either side of the clear space which served for the stage, and kept their positions without movement through the whole of the performance. The acting was, generally speaking, very good; and the interest of these performances increases with every fresh revival. It is an excellent society, deserving of all support.

It is somewhat of a disappointment that the new play in which Mr. R. S. Hichens, author of "An Imaginative Man," had collaborated with Mr. Victor Widnell, has perforce been postponed. Preparations for its production were pushed forward at the Shaftesbury, directly it became apparent that "The Manxman" had missed fire; but, by a chapter of accidents, it was found impossible to get together a suitable cast. Miss Marion Terry was unable to play the heroine, as had been hoped, and other arrangements went to pieces. Consequently it has been decided to put on a new play by Mr. Charles Brookfield and Mr. F. C. Philips; and Mr. Hichens will leave next week, to winter again in Egypt.

On Boxing Day, Olympia will be re-opened. Sir Augustus Harris has acquired the management, and a vast and bewildering spectacle, representative of British and foreign sports, will be the attraction of the show. There will be a Derby, commencing from

the journey down, and continuing through cheerful stages of "welsher-bonneting," and "the Derby Dog," to a grand race between a bevy (is that the word?) of thoroughbreds. Then there will be polo, cycling, and what not. One only wonders that Sir Augustus has not arranged for a cricket match, by which the unemployed professionals should keep in their hand during the season of fog and frost. A fine drive by Gunn into the proscenium, or one of Prince Rangitsinghi's places to beg into the Royal Box would be no bad entertainment for a Christmas crowd!

A great and deserved success has been made during the last fortnight in London by an American author, in the person of Mr. Stephen Crane, who has hitherto been practically unknown upon this side of the ocean. Now, however, everyone is asking about him; and his "Red Badge of Courage" is being read all over the country. Mr. Crane, moreover, is making no vulgarly popular success: his keen and manly story has won the praise of the best-esteemed critics; and I understand that one leading man-of-letters, who is not noted for the excess of his enthusiasm as a rule, has said that he considers "The Red Badge" a very remarkable piece of work in every sense. It is not often that an American novelist "catches on" with British readers, and Mr. Crane's success is the more welcome for its rarity. His next book will be "awaited here with interest," as the current, outworn phrase runs.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett was entertained at dinner on Monday by the New Vagabonds Club. She made a sprightly speech—her first (she said) in England, humorous, well-phrased and commendably brief. The chair was taken by Mr. Frankfort Moore, who has just produced a little play at the Royalty, called "Kitty Clive," in which Miss Irene Vanbrugh appeared successfully on Wednesday evening. Among the guests at Mrs. Burnett's dinner were Mme. Sarah Grand and Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson. At the end of last week, too, the Omar Khayyam Club held its quarterly dinner, with the new President, Mr. Clement K. Shorter, in the chair. Mr. Moberly Bell of *The Times* was the principal guest. Both the President and Mr. Edmund Gosse, the Vice-President, delivered light and entertaining speeches. Among the new members who had to respond to Mr. Gosse's compliments was Mr. William Sharp, who is about, I understand, to head a "Celtic Literary" movement, under the auspices of a Scots firm of publishers, named Patrick Geddes and Colleagues. There is to be Celtic verse and Celtic prose; and altogether the innovation sounds somewhat formidable. It is possible for these things to be overdone.

It is reported that Miss Kingsley has shown the diaries and notebooks recording her recent journeys in Africa to a London publisher; and that he will probably issue them in book-form before the summer of 1896. Miss Kingsley has made sketches and taken photographs, from which the work would, of course, be illustrated. It promises well.

LONDON, 13 Dec. 1895.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

The Fine Arts

The Autumn Exhibition at the National Academy of Design

THIS EXHIBITION, which will remain open until Jan. 11, is smaller but proportionately better than the average, some of the older Academicians showing gratifying evidence that their powers are not declining. Mr. Thomas Moran, for instance, has seldom been better represented than by his "Port Pond Bay, Montauk," a curving spit of sand running out through a blue sea to the horizon, from high dunes in the foreground; and Mr. S. J. Guy has one of his cleverest studies of lamplight in a picture of a girl reading, "Preparing for To-morrow." A group at breakfast in an American farm-house has inspired Mr. Francis C. Jones to attempt one of those effects of diffused light in a half-furnished interior, which certain old Dutch masters so highly appreciated. He has succeeded well enough to remind us of the reverberation of light from whitewashed walls, bare, clean floor and painted woodwork. Two of Mr. Walter L. Palmer's always excellent snow-scenes are to be enjoyed, and a very clever cattle-piece, "On the Upland," by C. Morgan McIlhenney; quiet, broadly painted landscapes by Louis Paul Dessar, "Across the Dunes," and Herbert Denman, "Meadow Pools"; and a sketch of "Yellow Apples" on the tree, with a russet-faced young woman among them, by Theodore Robinson. In the corridor but five paintings are hung, of which the strongest is Mr. Edwards's large figure-piece, "A Peaceful Hour." There are many story-pictures, among them one by Mr. Bridgman showing how the Dey of Algiers beguiled the time while the French were getting ready to relieve him of his

dominions; and another, of "An Episode of the War," by E. L. Henry, in which three Union soldiers are aroused to sudden and violent activity by a small Negro boy who excitedly announces the near approach of the enemy. Of good portraits there are very few.

"Sir Joshua Reynolds"

By Claude Phillips. Illustrated, Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE PARTICULAR VIEW taken by Mr. Phillips gives his work a considerable value for the student of the history of art, though few or no new facts are brought out in it. The author considers Sir Joshua mainly as the first President of the Royal Academy. He does not neglect other aspects of his subject, and the story of the gilded coach in which Reynolds sent his sister about London to advertise himself, and many anecdotes of his friends Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke and Garrick, are told anew; but we are principally occupied with the painter, his rivals and associates, and with the difference between his teaching and his practice. In his account of the beginnings of the Academy, Mr. Phillips writes in a spirit of absolute fairness which would do credit to the cool and unimpassioned Reynolds himself, and, when we reflect on the number and the bitterness of the enemies that the institution has made for itself, the fact must be reckoned to him as a considerable merit. Artists have certain interests in common, like other people, and it is natural that they should combine to forward them. It is also natural that those who are left out of the combination, or who find themselves out-voted in it, should object. Something of the sort occurs in most other businesses.

But artists have a higher interest than the commercial in guiding the public taste and in directing the studies of beginners; hence a certain acerbity in their disputes, which strikes the public as ludicrous, as does all quarreling about matters that it does not understand. The squabbles of the Dilettanti Society, of the Incorporated Society of Artists, and of the Royal Academy in its early years, appear to us to have been caused by differences of no moment, but the combatants doubtless felt that the future of art depended on the outcome of their quarrels. The question now is as to the influences on art of academism generally. Mr. Phillips, like most other writers on the subject, is of opinion that, in England, it has been wholly vicious, but he thinks that in France its influence has been in some degree beneficial. Sir Joshua, in his discourses, of which a good analysis is given, is the strongest advocate of academical theories in England; but in his best pictures he has completely ignored them. Mr. Phillips's conclusion is that there is something in the English nature that is unfavorable to the cultivation of an academical style. His work is illustrated with nine photogravures after paintings by Sir Joshua.

"Picture Posters"

THE AMOUNT of real artistic talent that has been put into posters is surprising, even when full allowance is made for all that is cheap, vulgar and conventional. It is no wonder that Mr. Charles Hiatt should be able to fill a large volume with reproductions of the more celebrated designs, and with notes on their designers. Of many of these the names are already well known to the public—better known, indeed, than those of more serious artists. But of others perhaps equally clever, many of Mr. Hiatt's readers will gain all their knowledge from his book. Exhibitions and magazine articles have made us familiar with Johannot, Willette, Chéret, Grasset; collectors are aware that Ibels, Steinlen and Toulouse-Lautrec have also their merits; but few in America know anything as yet of the cleverest of the work that has been done in England. Yet the posters of Dudley Hardy, Messrs. Pryde and Simpson and Kerr Lawson are quite as interesting as the best of the French; and a few German and Belgian artists have done good work that fulfils its purpose as an advertisement. Mr. Hiatt looks back to ancient Rome for the origin of the art, and gives a few examples of early French posters, mostly advertisements of books. The best of those of the present day are also book and magazine placards. In conclusion, the author warns the collector that the prices of posters have to do mainly with rarity, and that rarity has usually little to do with artistic merit. (Macmillan & Co.)

Art Notes

CHARLES B. ATWOOD, the architect, who died at his home in Buena Park, a suburb of Chicago, on Dec. 19, was born in 1849 in Charlestown, Mass. He settled in this city in 1875, and drew the plans for several of our most costly private residences, among them

that of the late William H. Vanderbilt. He also won, more recently, the prize of \$5000 offered for the best designs for the projected City Hall in New York. In 1891 he settled in Chicago, where he designed the peristyle, the great terminal station and the art palace of the Columbian Exhibition. The art building, now the Field-Columbian Museum, is probably the finest specimen of classic architecture designed in modern times. Mr. Atwood's death is said to have resulted indirectly from overwork during the Fair.

—A correspondent writes to *The Athenæum*:—"Mr. G. F. Watts, R. A., has generously handed over to the authorities of the National Portrait Gallery, so that they may be hung in time for the opening next spring, the greater number of the portraits of English celebrities which it had always been his intention to bequeath to the same institution after his death. This very notable addition to the treasures of the Gallery consists of eighteen pictures, including the portraits of J. S. Mill, Carlyle, Sir John Lawrence and Lord Tennyson.

Music

"Masters of German Music"

By J. Fuller Maitland. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE SERIES of volumes upon modern masters of music, now in course of importation by Charles Scribner's Sons, is destined to meet a real want. These books assume that there are many lovers of music who have no time to study the history of the art nor to consult encyclopedias, but who do wish to know something about contemporaneous composers, their works and their artistic standing. As a matter of fact, no amount of searching among extant dictionaries of music would help the inquirer as to who Bruneau, Sommer or Kistler might be. Furthermore, the majority of the reference-books treat such composers as Brahms or Saint-Saëns wholly from the critic's point of view, while it appears to be the aim of these volumes to present the popular view of each musician and then to explain why it exists.

In "Masters of German Music," by J. Fuller Maitland, the place of honor is very properly accorded to Brahms; for it must be remembered that these books deal only with the living. The author's regard for Brahms is high, and it appears to be based upon a thorough acquaintance with his works and with European opinion of them. If Brahms had been a writer of operas and not purely a symphonist, his works would have met with just as wide and vigorous opposition as Wagner's did. But the unmusical part of the public, which does the hardest fighting against every advance in operatic art and strives mightily to keep the composer subservient to the singer, does not go to hear symphonies. Consequently discussion of the works of Brahms has been confined to critical circles, where it has been quite warm enough. The genius of the man, however, has conquered, and to-day it is generally admitted, except by a few blatant Wagnerites, that Brahms is the greatest living German musician. Let no one be misled, though, by the opposition of the Wagnerites, into the belief that Brahms is easier of appreciation. He is decidedly more difficult for the Donizettian to love, and it is a simple truth that worshippers of Bellini and Rossini run away with agonized faces from the first movement of the great symphony in D. But those who have learned to live with Beethoven and Schumann will in time learn to admire Brahms. Mr. Fuller Maitland's long article is clear, helpful and just.

The other "masters" treated in the volume are Bruch, Goldmark, Rheinberger, Kirchner, Reinecke, Bargiel, Joachim, Clara Schumann, Von Herzogenberg, Hofmann, Bruckner, Draeseke, Nicodé, Richard Strauss, Sommer and Kistler. This list shows that the title of the book is not wholly happy, for certainly, Kirchner, Joachim, Clara Schumann and Sommer are not among the prophets. The book maintains the familiar blunder that Carl Goldmark was born in 1832. He was born in 1830. The portraits are generally good and the volume is handsomely made.

"THE PIANOFORTE SONATA: its Origin and Development," by J. S. Shedlock, is a well-prepared history of the development of the form in which the masters of instrumental music have put their weightiest thoughts. Mr. Shedlock selects the B-flat sonata of Kuhnau (1695) as his starting-point, but gives a brief review of the works which immediately preceded it. He pays due attention to Corelli and Scarlatti, but his study of Kuhnau is extensive and interesting. The work is particularly valuable by reason of its analyses of the three great piano sonatas of Brahms and Liszt's sonata in B minor. (London: Methuen & Co.)

The Drama

"The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith"

THIS play, by Mr. A. W. Pinero, in which the eminent English comedian, Mr. John Hare, elected to make his first professional appearance in this city, at Abbey's Theatre, has been praised very enthusiastically by the admirers of the modern problem-play, but is really chiefly remarkable for the audacity with which it discusses subjects about which a decent reserve is generally maintained. Not that the piece is altogether unworthy of the author. It is written in a witty, cynical and sometimes eloquent style, is constructed with the skill of long experience, and contains much excellent character-drawing. But it would be very difficult to point out any new lesson that it teaches, or any fresh light that it casts upon conditions which are as familiar as they are disagreeable. The case would be different if some way out of the presented troubles were suggested, but the whole story is hopeless, sordid, repulsive and miserable. Nor can the play be justified on the ground that it is a study from nature, for the laws of nature are disregarded for the sake of theatrical effect. The foundations of the piece are sufficiently simple. Lucas Cleeve, a clever, selfish, shallow politician, has deserted his wife because she did not please him. In Italy he is stricken with a dangerous sickness, through which he is nursed by Mrs. Ebbsmith, who deserted her husband because he treated her first "like a woman of the harem" and then like a beast of burden. The two become intimate and finally agree to live together (without seeking civil or religious sanction), and to set about the regeneration of society. For a little while they live in a fool's paradise, and then the woman begins to complain that her companion is too much of the lover, too little of the reformer. He replies that he is young and passionate, urges her to take life less seriously, to wear better clothes and make herself more attractive. Fearing to lose him, and growing more ardent as he begins to chill, she throws principle to the winds, transforms herself from a dowdy to a siren, and becomes, as she expresses it, a mere woman.

Then her jealousy is excited by the news that Lucas's deserted wife is trying to win him back, at least in the eyes of the world, and in her desperation, all her pride being now overwhelmed by passion, she consents to a compromise, agreeing that Cleeve shall live openly with his wife, on condition that she shall remain his mistress. She reaches this resolution after a desperate mental conflict, in the course of which she throws her Bible into the fire, only to rescue it again in a fit of remorse. Later on, she yields to the influence of friends, and leaves her lover, only to be followed by Mrs. Cleeve, who begs her to resume her relations with her husband, as the latter is unable to exist without her. This unnatural stroke would be fatal to a play of much greater strength, and kills all further interest in the proceedings. Mrs. Ebbsmith, after promising to return, changes her mind once more, and in the end goes into retirement. Cleeve presumably resumes his old career.

The sentiment and the action in some of the scenes are grosser than anything ever presented here by French players, and, whatever the literary and theatrical merits of the piece may be, they certainly do not atone for the offences perpetrated against good taste. Morally the story is sound enough, for it teaches that sin is followed by suffering, but this is no new revelation, and needed no such illustration. The only real excuse for the performance was the Duke of St. Olpherts of Mr. John Hare—a cynical, polished, witty, unscrupulous, shattered old *roué*,—who pervades the piece like a chorus, and uses all his diplomatic arts to extricate Cleeve from his entanglement. A better performance than this, of the same kind, has not been seen in this city in the last twenty-five years. This, at all events, was a study from the life, an almost faultless realization of manners without morals. The delicacy, finish and precision of the execution were delightful, and the witty lines of Mr. Pinero were uttered with faultless emphasis and the rarest sense of dry humor. Julia Neilson is an actress of striking form and features, with a good voice, which she uses badly, and indisputable but not widely varied emotional power. In moments of supreme passion she has a tendency to rant, but her performance on the whole is excellent, and there will be curiosity to see her in other characters. Her husband, Mr. Fred Terry, is already known here. He acted Cleeve very cleverly, indeed, with just the right admixture of enthusiasm and indecision. The other characters, which are subordinate, are all in good hands. The staging of the play was extremely rich and tasteful.

An Appeal to America

MR. WILLIAM WATSON, one of the strongest candidates for the Laureateship, is the only poet, apparently, who has found inspiration in President Cleveland's message on the Venezuelan boundary dispute. The following sonnet from his pen has appeared this week:—

"O towering daughter, Titan of the West!
Behind a thousand leagues of foam secure;
Thou toward whom our inmost heart is pure
Of ill intent, although thou threatenest
With most unfilial hand thy mother's breast:
Not for one breathing space may earth endure
The thought of war's intolerable cure
For such vague pains as vex to-day thy rest.

But if thou hast more strength than thou canst spend
In tasks of peace, and find'st her yoke too tame,
Help us to smite the cruel, to befriend
The succorless and put the false to shame.
So shall the ages laud thee, and thy name
Be lovely among nations to the end."

Educational Notes

AMONG those who will lecture before the National Geographic Society in Washington, this winter, are Rear-Admiral Meade, President D. C. Gilman of Johns Hopkins, Engineer Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., Secretary Morton, Gen. Richard Villafranca, Commodore Z. L. Tanner, U. S. N., Mrs. Fanny B. Ward, Frank H. Cushing of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Controller Eckels, George F. Kunz and Gardiner G. Hubbard.

Dr. Wilder's appeal in behalf of the Cornell Brain Association, for the brains of educated and moral persons for scientific study, has resulted in the acquisition of eight brains, and the formal bequest of twenty-five more, which are still being used by their owners. Among these are those of Thomas K. Beecher of Elmira, and Mrs. McGee, daughter of the astronomer, Simon Newcomb.

Dr. E. E. Hale addressed the pupils of the Girls' High School of Brooklyn in the morning of Dec. 21. In the evening he spoke before the Brooklyn Institute, on Cromwell.

The discussion of "The Status of the Teacher," to be published in early issues of *The Atlantic Monthly*, will be based on an original and fresh investigation of the payment and standing of the profession. Information has been solicited from over 10,000 teachers, in all parts of the country.

The Cambridge Press has undertaken the larger edition of the Septuagint for which the Manual Edition, recently prepared by Dr. Swete, was meant to be preparatory. It is intended to reproduce the text printed in the Manual Edition with as full a critical apparatus as can be contained in a work of reasonable size. The editors are the Rev. A. E. Brooke, Fellow of King's College, and Mr. McLean, Fellow of Christ's College.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. announce a new instalment (Vol. V.) of their "Cambridge Natural History," the volume forming the first part of a complete treatise on insects by David Sharp, with introductory chapters by David Sedgwick and F. G. Sinclair. Vol. IX. (on Birds, by A. H. Evans) will probably be published in the course of 1896.

The Critic's sixteenth year (new volume) begins 1 Jan. 1896.

Now is the time to send new subscription or renewal. (See Clubbing List on page 454.)

Notes

MESSRS. DODD, MEAD & CO. have now ready "John Cabot, the Discoverer of North America, and Sebastian his Son: a Chapter of the Maritime History of England under the Tudors, 1496-1557," by Henry Harrisse, the well-known American authority on the history of the discovery and early settlement of America. The work contains many maps and illustrations. They have published, also, "Sketches of Printers and Printing in Colonial New York," by Charles R. Hildeburn, with three portraits and twenty-eight facsimiles, limited to 375 numbered copies. This is not the "Bibliography of New York Imprints," announced for some time,

which has been unavoidably delayed, but a more popular account of the development of the "art preservative of all the arts" in Colonial New York.

—Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will publish shortly "A London Garland," consisting of extracts from Chaucer, Lydgate, Dunbar, Surrey, Spenser, Drayton, etc., edited by W. E. Henley, with 100 illustrations by members of the Society of Illustrators.

—Messrs. Macmillan & Co. announce the second volume of the Social England Series, to be called "The King's Peace," by Mr. Inderwick, Q. C. They have also in preparation a work on "Alternating Currents and Alternating Current Machinery," by Prof. D. C. Jackson.

—A striking contribution to the literature of the new year will be that of Slatin Pasha. Before the Mahdi's victories in the Soudan, he was Governor of Darfur, and in command of large military forces. He fought twenty-seven pitched battles before surrendering and has given a vivid account of them. He was present during the siege of Khartoum, and to his feet Gordon's head was brought within an hour of the city's fall. "Fire and Sword in the Soudan" will be illustrated with maps and thirty-two engravings. Mr. Edward Arnold will publish it early in January.

—Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. have published "The Key of the Pacific: the Nicaragua Canal," by Archibald Ross Colquhoun, with numerous maps, illustrations and plans. They have in preparation "The Hare and the Rabbit," by the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, and "Wild Fowl," by the Hon. John Scott-Montague, in the Fur and Feather series.

—"The Christmas Toll," by Miss Sophie Swett, illustrated by Mr. W. L. Taylor, opens the Christmas number of *The Youth's Companion*. A collection of Miss Swett's best stories, originally published in the *Companion* and other periodicals, is to appear in book-form next season.

—Mrs. Oliphant has written the volume on Joan of Arc for the Heroes of the Nations series. This leads the *Tribune* to ask whether Joan is a hero or a heroine.

—Mr. William Andrews of Hull, England, promises for immediate publication another volume dealing with the English church in old times, under the title of "Curious Church Gleanings." It will include such subjects as "St. Chad and the Well of St. Chad," "Early Church Dedications," "Burials in Woolen," "Church Gilds," "Crosses," misericords and lights in the mediæval church. The volume will be illustrated.

—"The popularity of the first editions of Stevenson's works is on the increase," says *The Athenæum*. "The other day a copy of 'An Inland Voyage' brought 10s. 15s. at Sotheby's and 'New Arabian Nights' 8s. at the same place. These prices are four or five times the amounts hitherto paid. To be sure, they were in each case presentation copies from the author to the late P. G. Hamerton, and the 'Inland Voyage' contained an autograph letter of the author. Still, the high amounts are noteworthy. At the same sale an ordinary copy of 'Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes,' first edition, realized as much as 3s. 10s."

—That popular author, the Rev. Dr. Jessopp, who was recently appointed Honorary Canon of Norwich Cathedral, has been elected to two honorary fellowships. He has been made Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, and St. John's College, Cambridge.

—The Rev. Minot J. Savage has received a call as Dr. Robert Collyer's associate in the pastorate of the Church of the Messiah in this city. Besides being a preacher of great force, Dr. Savage is a well-known author, among his works being "Christianity, the Science of Manhood," "The Religion of Evolution," "Bluffton, a Story of To-Day," "Life Questions," "The Morals of Evolution," "Belief in God," "Beliefs About Man," "Poems," "Beliefs About the Bible," "The Modern Sphinx," "The Religious Life," "Social Problems," "My Creed," "Religious Instruction," "Effects of Evolution on the Coming Civilization," "The Signs of the Time," "The Evolution of Christianity" and several volumes of sermons.

—*St. Nicholas* recently offered prizes for the best corrections of a misspelled poem. More than 10,000 answers were received from all over the world, from Turkey, Egypt and Europe—from a little countess in Vienna and from the grandchildren of Emerson and Hawthorne in America. The committee reluctantly states that the penmanship of the English and Canadian children excels that of Uncle Sam's boys and girls. The results of the competition, with the names of the prize-winners, will appear in the January number.

—*The Photographic Times* for January contains the commencement of an "Encyclopædia of Photography" by the editor, Mr. Walter E. Woodbury. The completed work will consist of over 2000 references and more than 500 diagrams, woodcuts and half-tone illustrations.

—In the *Nuova Antologia* of Dec. 1, Arturo Graf begins a study on "Il Romanticismo del Manzoni."

—*The Land of Sunshine*, which was started eighteen months ago, has prospered under the editorship of Mr. Charles F. Lummis, who took charge just a year ago. Among its contributors are Mrs. Frémont, Mrs. Custer, Margaret Collier Graham, Joaquin Miller, Charles Warren Stoddard, John Vance Cheney, C. F. Holder, T. S. Van Dyke, Grace Ellery Channing, Flora Haines Loughead, Charlotte Perkins Stetson, C. D. Willard and a number of new writers of promise, whom the editor has discovered. The periodical finds generous support in its own vicinity, and has evidently "come to stay."

—In its account of the funeral of Alexandre Dumas, the *Journal des Débats* states that a bunch of roses veiled in crape was sent by a number of English dramatic authors, among them "J. Commins Can, Arthur-W. Piners, R.-C. Cartou, Robert Buchanau."

—Mr. Gladstone is preparing for *The North American Review* a series of papers on "The Future State and the Condition of Man in It."

—The first of Prof. Woodrow Wilson's papers on George Washington opens the January *Harper's Monthly*. It portrays the colonial life of tide-water Virginia at the time of Washington's birth, and shows what were the distinctive features of the New England of that day, and of the Middle Colonies, and indicates the situation of the conflict between England and France for the possession of North America. The first number of the new volume of *Harper's Weekly* (the number dated Jan. 4) will contain the opening chapters of a new serial of a Scotch feud of the latter part of the sixteenth century, by S. R. Crockett.

—Mrs. Frances Isabel Currie Webb, the author of "A Tiff with the Tiffins," "Gala Day Books" and other works of fiction, died on Dec. 20.

—It is said that M. Zola's chances of election to the *fauteuil* of the late Alexandre Dumas are excellent, merely because there is really no other writer of the first class available for the honor, unless M. Daudet repents.

—Dr. Edward Everett Hale is responsible for this story:—"When Canon Farrar left us some years ago—a most charming and intelligent visitor—he told Phillips Brooks that he was going to give a farewell lecture on his impressions of America. Brooks, who was a thorough American and a person of excellent common-sense, said to him promptly:—'Don't do any such thing. In the first place, you have no impressions; and in the second place, they are all wrong.'"

—In a recent reference to an article by Joaquin Miller on Charles Warren Stoddard in the Oct. *Overland*, we referred to the latter gentleman as "the late Prof. Stoddard." We gladly correct this statement. Mr. Stoddard is still a member of the staff of the Catholic University of America, at Washington, D. C.

—In answer to a recent inquiry regarding the fate of the "Liber Scriptorum"—the book of the Authors Club—Mr. Rossiter Johnson, who was a member of the Publishing Committee, announces that all but a very few copies of the edition were sold at the time of publication. The book, he says, "had the ill fortune to come out at the very time when the country's financial depression was at the lowest. This apparently was all that prevented the entire edition from going off at once." The book brought a good many thousand dollars to the Club's coffers. As Mr. Carnegie, who is a member of the Club, provided it with a permanent home in the Carnegie Music Hall, the members presented to him the original MSS. of the Book, beautifully bound, as a token of their gratitude.

Stepniak, the Nihilist, was killed accidentally by a locomotive at an English railway station on Dec. 24. He was a Cossack by birth, and succeeded throughout his career in concealing his true name, his pen-name being chosen in allusion to the steppes where he was born.

—From *The Daily Iowa Capital*, Des Moines, Iowa, 20 Nov. 1895:—"When we are asked our opinion of literary papers, we always recommend *The Critic* of New York city. It has no superior either at home or abroad, and is at once able, versatile and

fair. We have often said, and we wish to repeat it now, that a year of *The Critic* is worth more in a family of studious young people than an average three months' attendance at school."

Free Parliament

Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, always give its number.

QUESTIONS

1792.—Who wrote the following lines:—

"Pleasures such as these the gods grant not to last,
But even gods touch not a pleasure past."

SARATOGA, N. Y.

K. E.

1793.—Where can I find the following lines:—

"How oft you see in summer bright,
Two butterflies on wings of light,
So like in color, form and flight,
That each seems either to the sight.
With tremulous flutter, low or high,
Their flower-like forms together fly.
One impulse guides them both as they
Together wing their zig-zag way.
Direct aloft, above, below,
Still side by side they gayly go.

Thus, one in each emotion's thrill,
My heart and thine accorded still:
And thus alike in aim and hue
Our thoughts and hopes together flew."

NEW YORK.

G. W. R.

1794.—Can you tell me, or put me in the way of finding, the author and name of the poem in which the following lines occur as the ending of one or more stanzas?

"Sun doth not rise nor wild waves beat
Where rest not England's dead."

FIELD LIBRARY, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

D. C.

1795.—Where can I find the poem from which the following stanza has been taken, and who is its author? I found it on a theatre program about a month ago, the name of the play being "Mexico."

"Thou Italy of the Occident!
Land of flowers and summer climes,
Of holy priests and horrid crimes;
Land of the cactus and sweet cocoa;
Richer than all the Orient
In gold and glory, in want and woe,
In self-denial and days mispent,
In truth and treason, in good and guilt,
In ivied ruins and altars low,
In battered walls and blood mispent—
Glorious, gory Mexico."

CLEVELAND, O.

G. R. W.

1796.—Who wrote the following lines:—

"Oh world, whose days like sunlit waters glide;
Whose music links the midnight with the morrow,
Who for thine own hast beauty, power and pride,
Oh world, what art thou? and the w. rd replied,
'I am a husk of pleasure round a heart of sorrow.'"

NEW YORK.

Spirit of the Times.

1797.—Can anyone tell me in what August it was that the ghost-story appeared in *Blackwood's*, of which Thackeray says in *Roundabout Papers* (On a Lazy Idle Boy):—"It frightened me so that I scarce dared look over my shoulder."

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A. J. B. V.

Publications Received


- | | |
|---|---|
| Abbott, A. E. <i>The Gods Give My Donkey Wings.</i> | Stone & Kimball. |
| Burnett, G. <i>Love and Laughter.</i> \$1.25. | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Chittenden, H. M. <i>Yellowstone National Park.</i> | Robert Clarke Co. |
| Chambers, Robert W. <i>The Red Republic.</i> | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Children's Singing Games. | Michigan Trust Co. |
| Cram, R. A. <i>Black Spirits and White.</i> | Stone & Kimball. |
| Doctor in History, Literature, Folk-Lore, etc. Ed. by W. Andrews. | Hull: The Hull Press. |
| Freeland, William. <i>Algebra for Schools and Colleges.</i> \$1.40. | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Graetz, H. <i>History of the Jews.</i> Vol. V. \$3. | Phila: Jewish Pub. Society. |
| Handbook to the Cotton States and International Exposition, Atlanta, Georgia, 1895. | |
| Hepburn, G. G. <i>Notes on Selections of Psalms.</i> | Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. |
| Hendren, S. R. <i>Government and Religion of the Virginia Indians.</i> | Amer. Book Co. |
| Keller, I. <i>Bilder aus der deutschen Literatur.</i> 75c. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Kingsley, Charles. <i>Yeast.</i> 75c. | London: Moffatt & Paige. |
| Moffatt's Pupil Teachers' Course. Part II. Ed. by Thomas Page. | D. C. Heath & Co. |
| Heart of Oak Books. Ed. by C. E. Norton. 6 vols. | New York: Correll Press. |
| Lawton W. C. <i>Folia Dispersa.</i> | Phila: Office of the Indian Rights Assoc. |
| Leupp, Francis E. <i>The Latest Phase of the Southern Ute Question.</i> | American Book Co. |
| Leander, R. von V. <i>Triumphen.</i> 35c. | American Book Co. |
| Lives of Cornelius Nepos. Ed. by T. B. Lindsay. \$1.10. | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Milton's <i>L'Allegro</i> , <i>Il Penseroso</i> , <i>Comus</i> , and <i>Lycidas.</i> 75c. | Ginn & Co. |
| Moore, A. O. <i>Studies in the Science of Drawing in Art.</i> | |

Patten, S. N. The Theory of Social Forces.

Phila: Amer. Acad. of Polit. & Soc. Sciences.
 Pemberion, T. E. John Hare. Phila: George Routledge & Sons.
 Seidel, H. Herr Omnia. Ed. by J. Mathewman. 25c. Amer. Book Co.
 Sharp, William. The Gypsy Christ. Stone & Kimball.
 Spenser's Faerie Queene. Part X. 3s. Macmillan & Co.
 Stories from Aulus Gellius. Ed. by C. Knapp. 30c. Amer. Book Co.
 Stevens's Facsimiles of Manuscripts in European Archives Relating to America, London: B. F. Stevens.
 1773-83. Louisville: John P. Morton & Co.
 White Snake, The. Tr. by M. Cawein. Macmillan & Co.
 Wither, W. Brown Heath and Blue Bells. 75c.

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